



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 16 May 1962

Summer fashion



The tip
that's
setting
the trend





The models are straight from Italy — from these top designers: Valentino, Simonetta and De Luca. Debenham & Freebody have made line-for-line, stitch-for-stitch copies of each model in their own workrooms. This is why they can offer you these outstanding couture dresses, many copied in Italian fabrics, bearing the original labels of their creators, at remarkably matter-of-fact London prices.

(top left)

VALENTINO OF ROME designs this afternoon or cocktail gown—superbly elegant with the bloused back and becoming 'twist' line skirt. Available in pure silk printed crepe or chiffon in a variety of beautiful colourings. Hip sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 **25½ gns**

Hip size 34 also available for the smaller woman.

(top right)

SIMONETTA OF ROME creates this extremely striking gown. The dramatic exaggerated 'puff' line of the sleeves emphasizes the elegant slimness of the skirt. Available in a range of silks including organza, taffeta, etc., in several colour combinations. Hip sizes 36, 38, 40 **36½ gns**

(below)

DE LUCA OF ROME brings you this charmingly simple dress and jacket ensemble. Beneath the unusually shaped jacket lies a sleek late day dress. In a range of Italian pure silk prints including predominating colourings of blue/green, green/rose-pink, etc.

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LONDON: Lillywhites, BIRMINGHAM: Rackhams, BOURNEMOUTH: Beales, BRADFORD: Brown Muff, BRIGHTON: Peter Robinson, BRISTOL: Peter Robinson, CHELTENHAM: Cavendish House, EDINBURGH: Thorntons, GLASGOW: Dalys, HARROGATE: McDonalds, HULL: Thornton Varley, LEEDS: Schofields, LIVERPOOL: Passmores, SHEFFIELD: John Walsh, WILMSLOW: Finnigans, WOLVERHAMPTON: Beatties.

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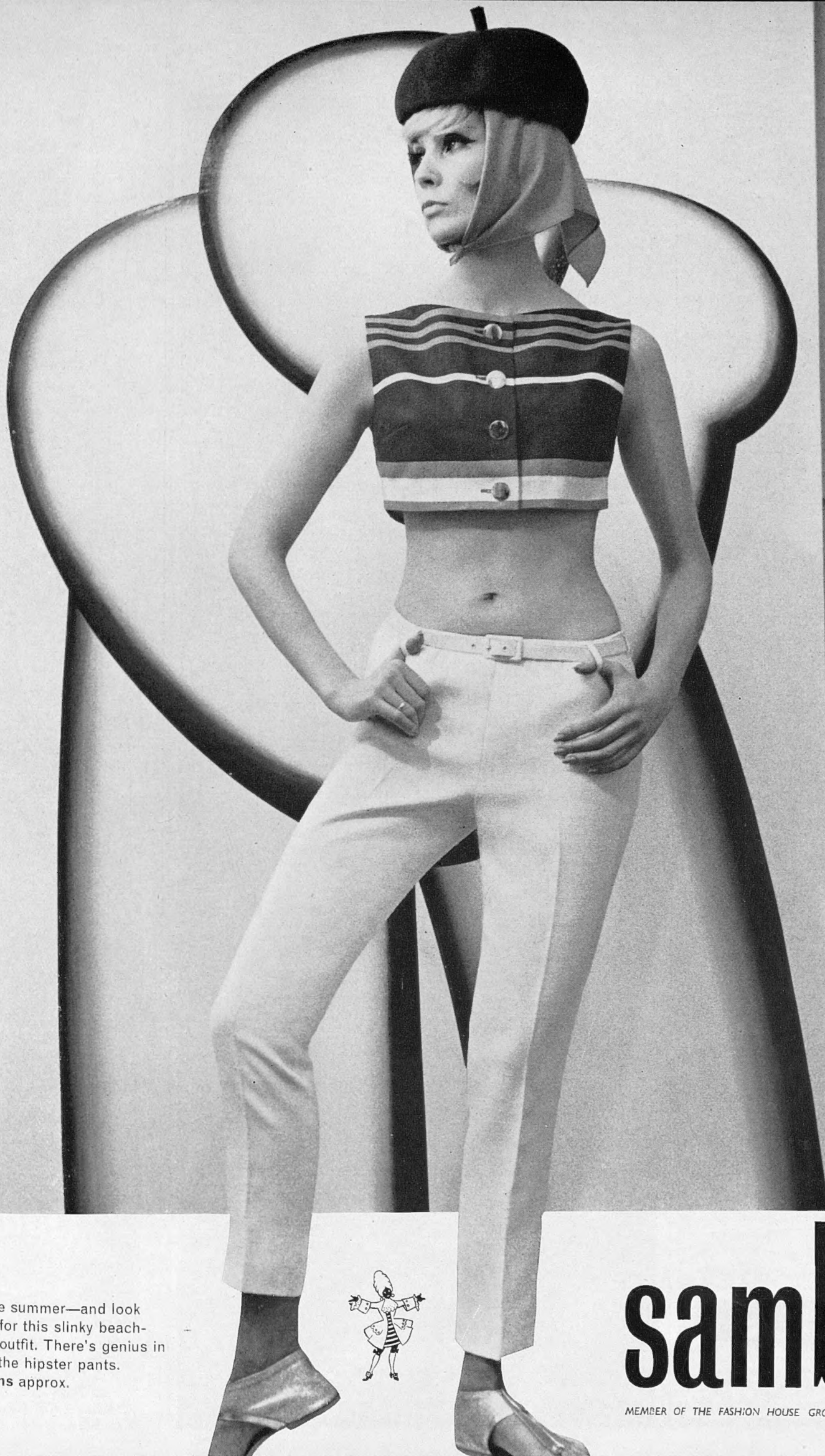
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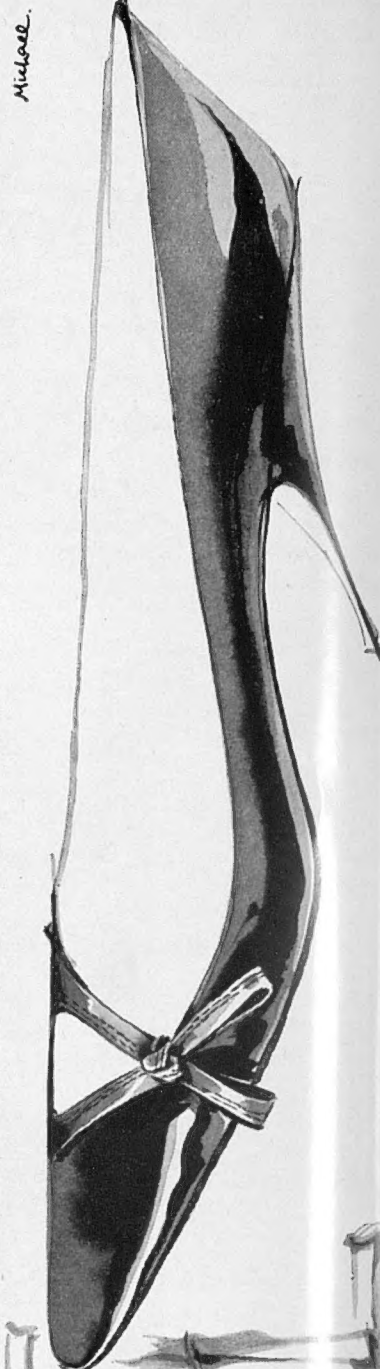
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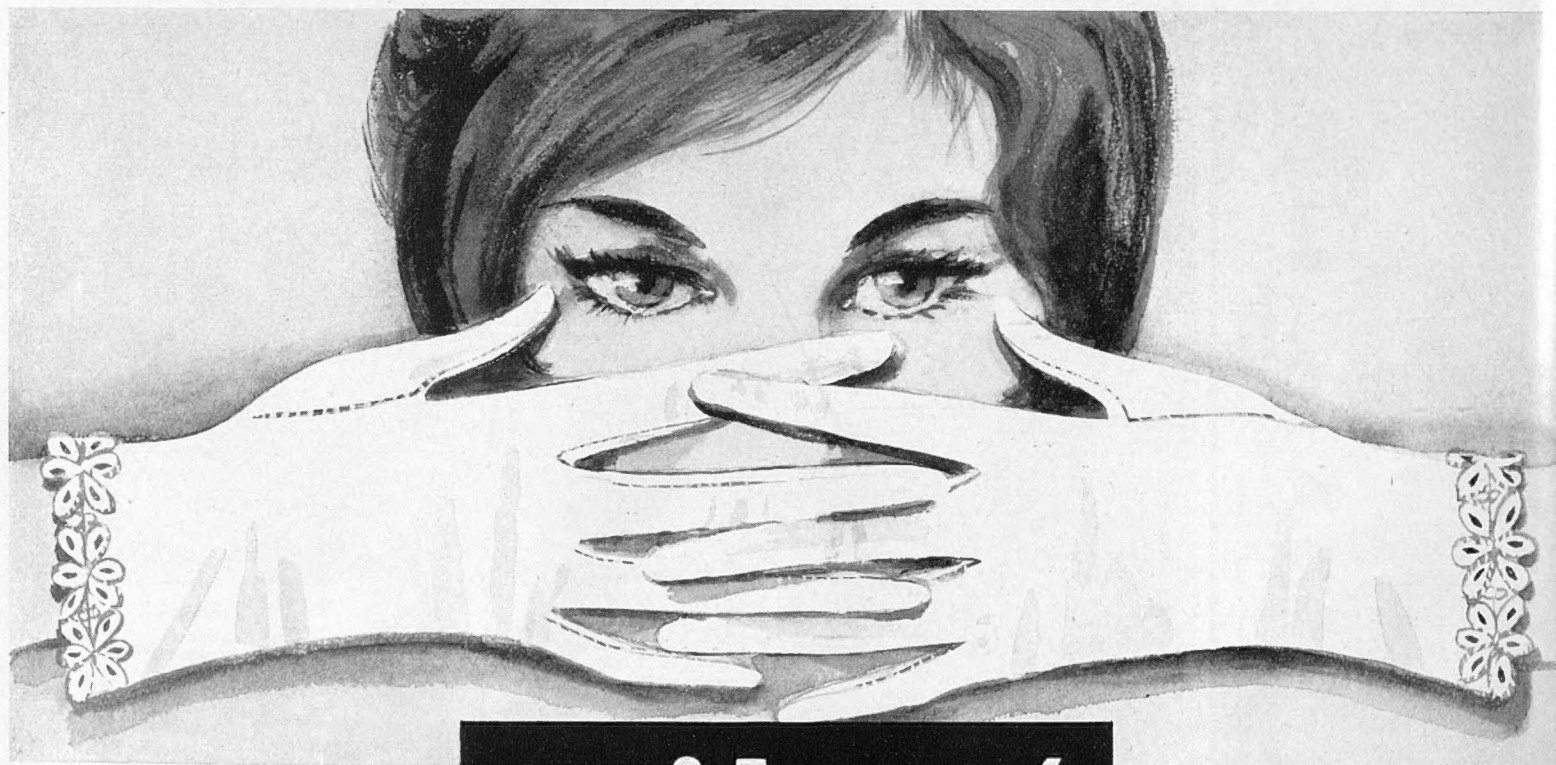
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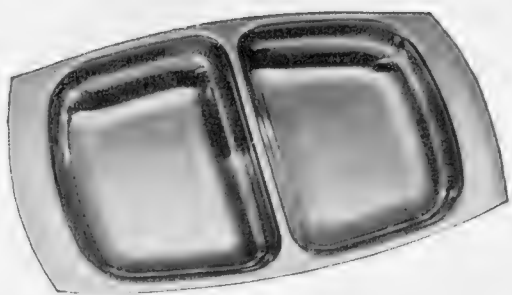
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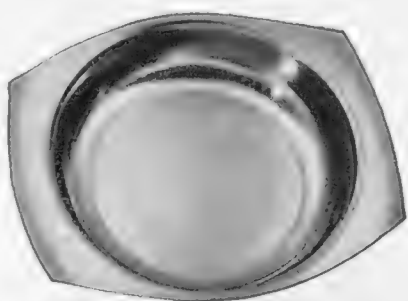


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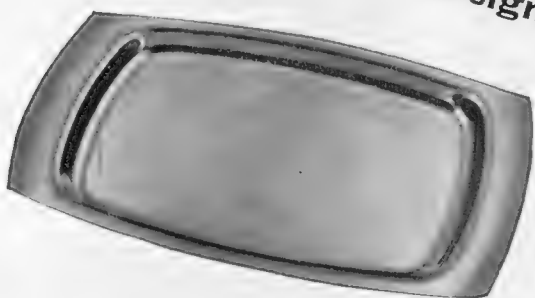
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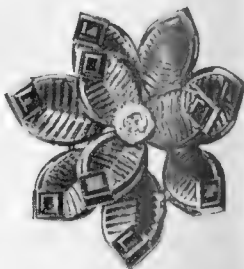
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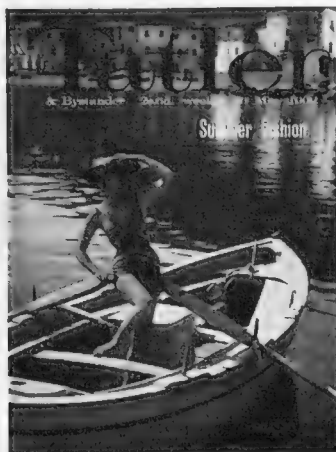
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

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The Tatler's Summer Fashion number this week explores the holiday mood in faraway places. Start with Johnny Moncada's cover picture of the girl in a boat at Cala Piccola wearing a jazzy striped swimsuit. Then turn to page 425 for some sheer escapism—holiday clothes chosen by Elizabeth Dickson and photographed on the spice island of Zanzibar. From America comes a report by Fleur Cowles on Folk art for sale (page 411 onwards), Roger Hill took the colour pictures. Nearer home Pamela Vandyke Price highlights Europe's wine-producing areas in *Trailing the vine* (page 418)

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Queen will attend a Soirée given by the Royal Society of Medicine, 21 May at the Society's house, 1 Wimpole Street.

Chelsea Flower Show, Private View on 22 May. Open to public 23-25 May. **Tidworth Horse Trials**, Tidworth, Hampshire. 18-20 May.

Hampshire Red Cross Ball, Red Cross H.Q., Weeke, Winchester, 18 May. (Tickets from Red Cross H.Q.)

Golf: Curtis Cup Trials, Hallamshire Golf Club, Sheffield, 18-19 May.

Glyndebourne Festival, 21 May-19 August.

Doncaster Bloodstock Sales, Doncaster racecourse stables, 22 May.

Croquet: Oxford v. Cambridge croquet match, Hurlingham Club, 10.30 a.m., 23 May.

Old Haileyburians Centenary Ball, Hurlingham Club. 25 May.

The Queen will attend the consecration of Coventry Cathedral, 25 May. **Princess Margaret & The Earl of Snowdon** will attend the gala opening of *Take To The Hills* at the Scala, 29 May.

Air Ball, Dorchester, 29 May. (Tickets: Lady Burke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.)

Anglo-Italian Society dinner-dance, Savoy, 30 May. (Tickets from the Secretary, 12 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.)

Aldershot Beagles Summer Hunt Ball, Officers Club, Aldershot, 1 June. (Hon. Sec.: Michael Poland, Downlands, Liphook, Hants.)

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade, 11 a.m., 2 June.

The Derby, 6 June.

Liberal Social Council dance & buffet supper at the Hurlingham Club, 6 June. (Tickets, 30s. inc. supper, from Miss Rita Smith, vic 7681.)

MAY & COMMEMORATION BALLS

Keble College, Oxford, Summer Ball, 1 June.

Pembroke College, Oxford, Eights Week Dance, 2 June.

Jesus College, Oxford, Eights Week Ball, 2 June.

First & Third Trinity Boat Club May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Peterhouse May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Clare College May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Pembroke College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

St. John's College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June. (Tickets: £5 5s. for two inc. supper & champagne; £7 7s. for two inc. Ball Supper in Combination Room, from R. R. G. Moore Ede.)

Jesus College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

King's College May Ball, Cambridge, 20 June.

Queen's College Summer Ball, Oxford, 22 June.

University College Summer Ball, Oxford, 22 June.

New College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball, 25 June.

Oriel College, Commemoration Ball, Oxford, 27 June.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Salisbury, 16, 17; Haydock Park, Sandown Park, 18, 19; Newmarket, Warwick, 19; Hamilton, 19, 21; Alexandra Park, 21; Birmingham, 21, 22; Catterick Bridge, 23; Windsor, 23, 24 May. **Steeplechasing**: Sedgfield, 19; Wye, 21 May.

CRICKET

M.C.C. v. Pakistan, Lord's, 19, 21, 22 May.

Lord's Taverners v. Three Bridges, Crawley, Sussex, 20 May.

POLO

Cowdray Park. Semi-finals, Leaf and Jersey Lilies Cups, 19, 20 May. **Smith's Lawn**, Windsor Great Park.



PAUL VINCENZI

● **Maggie Smith** plays the lead in the two new plays by Peter Shaffer, *The Private Ear*, and *The Public Eye*, a double bill at the Globe. In the first she is a typist, in the second the young wife of a successful accountant. She took over Joan Plowright's role in *The Rhinoceros*, opposite Sir Laurence Olivier, and was recently in Anouilh's *The Rehearsal*

Household Brigade Club matches, Saturdays & Sundays.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Napoli*, *Flower Festival At Genzano* (pas de deux), *Les Sylphides*, *The Rite Of Spring*, 16, 19 May; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 17, 21 May; 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Aida*, 7 p.m., 18, 22 May; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 7.30 p.m., 23, 25 May.

Royal Festival Hall. Concert in honour of Bertrand Russell's 90th birthday, 3 p.m., 19 May; Annie Fischer (piano), 8 p.m., 22 May. (WAT 3191.)

Country House Concerts: Claydon, Bucks, 7 p.m., 20 May; The Vyne, Basingstoke, 6.30 for 7 p.m., 19 May; Fenton House, Hampstead, 7.30 for 8.30 p.m., 21 May.

Allegri String Quartet, Peggy Gray (piano), and April Cantelo (soprano),

7.45 p.m., Grocers Hall, 21 May, in aid of International Service, N.A.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 26 August. **Ecole de Paris Exhibition**, Tate Gallery, to 17 June.

Drawings from the Bruce Ingram Collection, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 16 August.

Contemporary Japanese Print, Arts Council Gallery, to 2 June.

Reco Capey Memorial Exhibition, Medici Gallery, to 2 June.

Antoine Poncet sculptures, Brook Street Gallery.

FIRST NIGHTS

Duke of York's Theatre, *Everything In The Garden*, tonight.

Comedy Theatre, *Little Mary Sunshine*, 17 May.

Mermaid Theatre, *Lock Up Your Daughters*, 17 May.

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES



PHOTOGRAPHS: ENICH AUERBACH

Three musical events of importance at the Royal Festival Hall in the near future are the appearance of Yehudi Menuhin (top left) as conductor and soloist with the London Symphony Orchestra tomorrow; a guitar recital by Segovia (above) on 19 May; and Nathan Milstein (left) in Tchaikovsky's violin concerto in D, with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Otto Klemperer on 20 May

GOING PLACES TO SING Victoria de los Angeles went to a BBC Television studio to sing—and talk—to John Freeman for one of the *Profile In Music* series, which will be televised on 31 May. She came to London to sing Mimi in *La Bohème* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and to give a concert at the Royal Festival Hall with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

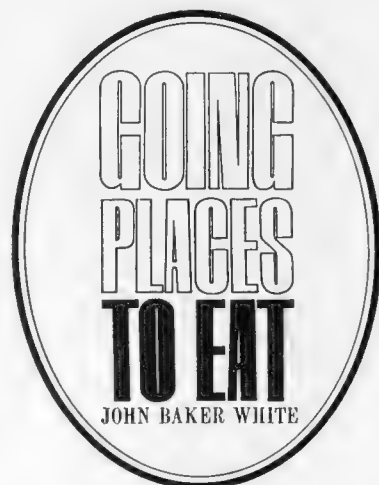


Berkeley keeps in step

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

W.B. = Wise to book a table.

Berkeley Banquette, Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly. (HYD 8282.) The late Sir Edwin Lutyens designed the grillroom, and Sir Howard Robertson, R.A., has designed the Banquette, which replaces it. Thus the nearly-a-century-old hotel moves with the times. Its essential modernity goes well with good eating and drinking—olive green curtains contrasting with the cherry-coloured carpet and Japanese wallpaper. I was impressed with the comfort of the banquettes and the efficiency of the ventilation. The corner of the room is now a pleasant foyer bar. The food is, of course, up to the long-established standard of this hotel, as is the wine list. I enjoyed particularly the *Mousseline de Saumon Nantua*. The average cost of the first dish is about 7s. and of the main course 14s. There are carafe wines ranging from 12s. 6d. to 15s. 6d.



Luigi Pelosi presides with the charm that has made him so many friends over the years. W.B.

Le Carrosse, 19 Elystan Street, Chelsea. (KNI 4248.) Open for dinner only and not on Sundays. New, elegant and original. Quite small, with decor by David Hicks. Once again he has proved that black, brown, red-brown, electric blue and claret can be mixed, not to speak of a pair of magnificent coach-horse collars and several silver bits as wall decoration. The

food is also original and well-cooked by a chef who obviously understands his sauces. The wine list has been chosen with care and skill; no bargains but prices quite reasonable. For three courses, with well-made coffee and half a bottle of an estate-bottled rosé, a Château de Beaulieu from Provence, I paid 36s. My only complaint was that 3s. and 3s. 6d. seems expensive for modest portions of quite ordinary imported cheeses. Service? First class. And open to 11.30 p.m. W.B.

Brussels to Dover

Many who visited the 1958 Brussels International Exhibition will remember the Britannia, the inn forming part of the U.K. contribution. Now the valuable collection of pictures, coloured prints and ship models displayed in it have been brought together in the new Whitbread house, the Britannia in Dover's Townall Street. (Tel. 1398.) In the pleasant upstairs restaurant the food is what it should be in a

Kentish inn, plain, good, served piping hot by a friendly staff, and most reasonably priced. There is a well-chosen wine list, including some sound Spanish wines. And there is the famous Britannia bitter beer, at 3s. 6d. per pint. Do not miss the scale model of 120-gun ship-of-the-line H.M.S. Britannia VII in the bar.

Wine note

Recently a party was held at the Carlton Tower to welcome the Pommery and Greno 1955 vintage. It was described as one of the finest produced in recent years. After the recent tasting of "La Bergerie" Bordeaux wines at Edward Young's cellars in Liverpool the guests drank the famous Ruinart champagnes, including the remarkable Reserve Baron Phillippe de Rothschild Brut 1953. A few days ago I had the memorable experience of drinking a 1921 Pol Roger Champagne at a luncheon party given by Dent & Reuss Ltd., its London shippers. And memorable is the word.

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More young holidays

CONTINUING FROM LAST WEEK MY inquiries among the young, it seems that youth demands action with its holidays: skin diving, aqualunging and waterskiing improve on the more passive pleasure of lying on a beach and looking at the water. That admirably enterprising body, the Club Méditerranée, have this year added to their programme two new kinds of holiday which, on any other basis, would be pretty plutocratically priced.

The first is, quite simply, an aqualung holiday based on the 230-ton ketch *Djerba*. She will cruise down the Costa Brava from Cadaques and across to Majorca, making in all a two-week trip that, including second-class rail travel from London, food, wine and the use of their aqualungs, costs £68. The crew will consist of two diving instructors, doctor, engineer, cook, three galley staff and four crew. As accommodation is limited to 42, places are restricted to experienced divers and their wives or husbands who hold the French brevet of Underwater Sports or the third-class diving certificate of the British Sub-Aqua Club. Non-divers can either learn or have the use of the available spear-guns and



snorkels. Or simply lie about on deck and sunbathe, though that is not exactly the object of the trip.

The second club holiday is a series of cruises—called *Odysseys*—from either Corfu or Santa Giulia, in Corsica. In either case, the itinerary is casual and depends entirely upon the winds; you cruise with about 30 other people in a fishing boat, sleeping on deck or perhaps on a beach where you have dropped anchor for the night. It sounds like many people's idea of sheer heaven, putting in and out of small harbours and neither knowing nor caring where the next port of call is to be. There is a cook, but you are expected to help in preparing the food. Two-week holidays from Corfu with rail travel there and back cost £64 10s.,

with air travel £81 10s.; from Santa Giulia, by air only, £60 10s. And if you start your holiday between 26 May and 16 June, or between 1 September and 29 September, you get *three weeks'* holiday for the price of two: a bargain if ever I heard of one.

Incidentally, several of the club villages—notably Cadaques, Corfu, Santa Giulia, Pakostane and Sveti Marco—specialize in waterskiing, complete with instruction, free; others teach you how to sail. And in case all this may sound too hearty, I must add that all the clubs have well-stocked bars, and that the food is good French throughout, with liberal quantities of free wine. I know people way outside the age group for which they were originally intended who thoroughly enjoy them, and who find them a most successful venture with their young children.

The Aegina Club, a venture beamed rather towards sightseeing than sport, started life five years ago as a co-operative effort between Greek and British students. It has now extended its activities to some remarkably low-priced holidays in Greece, and the participants are no longer restricted to students: rather to those who are prepared to travel rough and live simply in order to see Greece.

For only 58 guineas you have five days in Athens, plus excursions to Sounion, Delphi and the Byzantine monastery at Ossiass Lucas. This is followed by 12 days in the island of Aegina, where the 30 (sometimes less, never more) participants are divided between two villas and sleep on camp beds. With the exception of the journeys to and from Greece, food and wine is included throughout. The club in no way organizes anybody, but there are excursions by boat to Hydrá and Spetsai, and there is alternative accommodation at the same price in their villas on Myconos and Crete. Travel, which for this price had to be pared down to the rock bottom minimum, is via Milan and Ancona. You can pay a supplement of £1 for a couchette on the Milan train, and an additional £5 10s. for tourist as opposed to deck accommodation on the boat from Ancona. More details can be obtained from the Secretary at the head office, Miss Barbara Bell, 'The Coach House, 11 Park Terrace, Cambridge; they also list a London contact, Imogen Thomas, at South Field, Hiley Lane, near Hertford (Telephone: Hoddesdon 3228). The Club Méditerranée holidays are arranged through Travel Counsellors, Wrights Lane, London, W.8.



Approach to Myconos and (left) harbour at Hydra

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THREE SILVER DAYS



Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands lead the procession to dinner in the Hall of Mirrors at the Amstel Hotel in Amsterdam, followed by the Queen and the Shah of Persia. The dinner, attended by most of the world's royalty, marked the high point of the three-day silver wedding celebrations of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard. The wine served was a 1937 vintage—the year of their marriage. Muriel Bowen reports with more pictures from Amsterdam overleaf

3 SILVER DAYS

continued



Queen Fabiola and Princess Irene at Keukonhof Gardens, Amsterdam. Below: Princess Margriet of the Netherlands guides her sister Princess Marijke

Prince Philip seen through the glass roof of the barge taking royal guests to the Royal Palace on the Amstel Canal. The Queen sits with the Shah of Persia. Below: Princess Alexandra with Prince Karl of Hesse



MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

THE SILVER WEDDING CELEBRATIONS OF **Queen Juliana** and **Prince Bernhard** gave the world's royalty three glittering days in Amsterdam. For a royal jamboree it was a rare mixture of the formal and informal with a journey by glass-topped bus to see the tulips with kings, queens, princes and princesses sitting two by two—all except the King of the Belgians and **Queen Fabiola** who had sent their Rolls-Royce down from Brussels in advance. It was the romantic glitter of the celebrations that fascinated the visitors and delighted the Dutch—things like the trip down the Amstel in the golden royal barge, built in the shape of a galley. Menus were sumptuous; for one dinner in the Hall of Mirrors at the Amstel Hotel, a quaint old building of turrets and towers, there was crab cocktail, consommé, quail and soufflé. The wine was a 1937 vintage—the year that **Queen Juliana** and **Prince Bernhard** were married.

On the canal trip there was a snap in the wind and a drizzle that stopped and started but nobody appeared to mind. **Queen Elizabeth** in a white lace dress and wearing her shimmering diamond and emerald tiara stood on the damp cork matting waiting for her boat to come alongside. It was a fascinating sight as some of the world's finest jewels blazed in the light of the floodlit buildings and the little boats slipped along through the ink black water. Sloe-eyed **Queen Farah of Persia** dazzled in a bold saffron sheath dress; her hair was piled high in a bun and held in place by a tiara which was a blaze of diamonds. **Princess Alexandra** wore a white net dress with large black spots. **Princess Armgard**, **Prince Bernhard's** mother, was in dark blue satin.

While most of the visiting royalty slept late next morning the Queen, **Prince Philip**, and **Princess Marina** breakfasted early in their suites then paid a surprise visit to the Rijksmuseum. For more than an hour they went round the galleries, showing particular interest in the paintings of Rembrandt and Franz Hals. The director of the museum, Dr. A. van Schendel, who showed them round said it was the second time the Queen had visited the museum. He was surprised and delighted by her great knowledge of Dutch paintings.

The streets of Amsterdam were a riot of colour with tens of thousands of flowers—but music was the most romantic feature. The Dutch royal family (like our own) use horses on official occasions, and during the first day's carriage procession the horses were pulled up outside the city's opera house where the Amsterdam Royal Opera Chorus, wrapped in football scarves and overcoats, sang the bridal music from *Lohengrin* from the steps outside. Then farther along the streets a crowd, thousands strong, led by a couple of barrel organs, sang the special silver wedding version of "Tulips In Amsterdam."

It was a hectic few days and the Dutch weather, which can be as strangely unco-operative as our own, resulted in several of the guests going to bed with colds. Because of this there were missing faces at the ball at the Royal Palace in Dam Square. Dancing at the Palace was on two floors and there were three orchestras. During the evening some of the guests started to sing "Tulips In Amsterdam" which they had learned from the crowds on the streets. The entire palace was lit by the soft glow of candles and decorated with 15,000 flowers, mostly tulips. The pretty **Princess Margaretha of Sweden** danced with **King Olav of Norway**; the **Grand Duchess of Luxembourg** with her son **Prince Jean**; and **Prince Karl of Hesse** and **Princess Alexandra** did quite the most footwork-perfect quickstep of the evening. There was *no twisting*, not that night.

Farewells were said after a ball on the Dutch liner *Oranje* that was the most informal of all the informal things that the royal visitors did in their three days of parties. Following dinner (at which the caviar presented by the Shah of Persia was served) there was dancing to three bands. **Prince Philip** joined in a conga line which zig-zagged from deck to deck, up and down the companionways, before breaking up in several different directions. And there was twisting in the tourist class lounge. Joining the royal guests for this party were over 100 students, friends of **Crown Princess Beatrix** and **Princess Irene**. At about midnight the older guests began to drift away but the younger ones stayed on, dancing to a gipsy band on the main deck and piling up their plates at a lavish self-service buffet. The party was a present to **Queen Juliana** from the shipping firm which owns the *Oranje*, and is reputed to have cost £10,000. **Queen Farah** in a purple sheath was the most formally dressed woman on board. Informal dresses were worn by almost everybody else. **Queen Juliana** had put the word round the day before that she wanted it that way. "I don't want the students to feel out of place," she said. "So I hope everybody will dress informally." The Queen wore a gold brocade cocktail dress (the same one she wore to the Piccadilly Theatre a month ago).

The planning of the three days' celebrations was superb. **Prince Bernhard** saw to that. Much of it was original. **Mr. De Bes**, who was in charge of the accommodation of the royal guests, carried round duplicate copies of individual guests' likes and dislikes in a black briefcase. This was in the event of his sudden death (**Mr. De Bes** looked both hale and hearty) so somebody else could carry out the various royal wishes without a hitch. Quite the best banquetting idea of many a day operated during dinner at two of the functions. **Prince Bernhard**, I hear, was personally responsible. At a sign from **Queen Juliana**, the Court Chamberlain pressed a button connected with the orchestra leader's

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Queen Farah and Prince Aschwin of Lippe Bielefeld followed by Princess Beatrix & King Olav, Prince Philip & the Grand-Duchess Charlotte

HATS AT THE R.A.



Mrs. Christopher de Burgh Codrington. Left: Mrs. J. le Roy. Far left: Viscountess Astor

Mrs. Edward Sutro



Dame Patricia Hornsby-Smith, M.P.



rostrum. Three long presses meant "stop"; three short ones—"start"; short and long alternately—"play louder"; three short followed by three long—"play softer." (Banqueting managers please note.)

LA VIE EN ROSE

The organizers of the Rose Ball have a talent for rounding up both beauty and brains in large measure. Last week's ball in London was no exception. The Rose Ball is one of three or four annual events for which well-known women buy something very special. The result is a series of exotic dresses in a brilliant rainbow of colours. The Duchess of Rutland, as befitted the ball chairman, headed the fashion stakes on this occasion. Her full length dress of shell pink organdie had a bodice completely encrusted with tiny yellow and pink flowers. Also beautifully dressed were Lady Osborn, in a glorious dress of forget-me-not blue flowers on a white ground; Lady (Charles) Norton in a pale blue that shimmered as she danced; the new Countess of

Wilton also in blue (she and her husband are living at the Dorchester for the time being); and the Hon. Mrs. William Watson-Armstrong, that very witty Italian, who has no rival when it comes to looking really chic in black.

Others dancing that night included Sir Percy & Lady Rugg, Mrs. Hubert Raphael (who won a motor car in the raffle), Mr. Christopher Oldfield, Miss Josephine Warde-Norbury, Mr. & Mrs. Tony Egerton, Mrs. "Bendor" Drummond, and the Hon. Vere Harmsworth & Mrs. Harmsworth. The younger generation included Miss Patricia Rawlings, chairman of the Junior Committee, Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy, Miss Mary Rose Hoare, Miss Sarah d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mr. & Mrs. Noel Cunningham-Reid, and Mr. "Bluey" Mavroleon.

I've mentioned most of the beauties but what of the brains? I talked to Mr. Whitney Straight, the brilliant chairman of the Alexandra Rose Day committee. The new motorway to South Wales is scheduled to go right through his aviary, but being a passionate believer in roads

he says this sort of thing is inevitable. He's put up a super scheme to Mr. Marples. It is that disused railways should be turned into roads; that motorways should run over main line railways and that electricity and other cables should become part of this network. Mr. Straight's idea would preserve the beauty of the countryside and save valuable agricultural land from destruction. "The Minister has turned it down as too expensive," Mr. Straight told me. "It is something the Ministry will probably regard as well worth while 50 years hence—though now is the time to start."

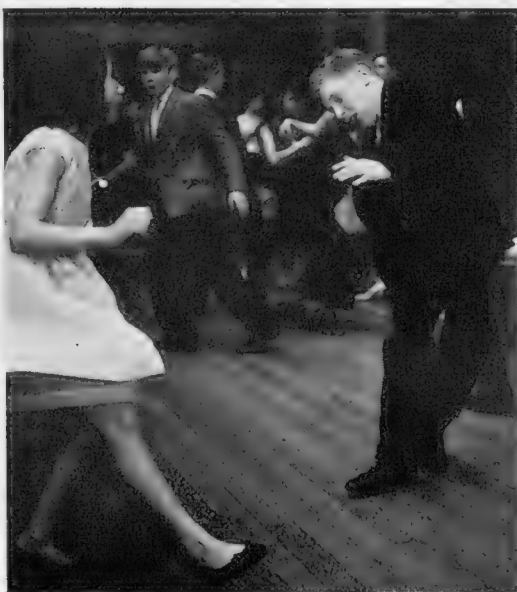
BEAUTY ON THE WALLS

It's the portraits of women that really illuminate the walls of the Royal Academy. Quite the loveliest, partly because of its vivid background, is Judy Cassab's portrait of Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent. Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, in pink embroidered satin, and a really lovely tiara, is also outstanding. And with the Academy open until mid-August

CHILDREN GO DANCING . . .



Tim Hare and Caroline Rush. The dance was in aid of the Family Welfare Association at Kensington Town Hall



Linda Mozley in the egg rolling contest. Her partner, Richard Evans. Left: Paul Coleridge and Amanda Gilbert

Miss Judy Cooke



Mrs. Eva Palmer



The Hon. Lady Lowson



Miss Janet Lyle



The Marchioness of Winchester



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

there is plenty of time to see them. Private view guests included Sir Geoffrey & Lady Barnett, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Lydia Duchess of Bedford, Lord & Lady Brabazon of Tara, Sir William & Lady MacFadzean, and Lady (Edward) Ford. (Photographs above.)

LIGHTS OF LONDON DANCE

Debutantes' mothers have more or less forsaken London for their daughters' dances. However, Lady Rowley and Lady (Geoffrey) Mander had theirs successfully at the Hyde Park, and emphasized the fact that it was a London dance. The decor was Covent Garden, with flower girls and barrow boys in the drawing room, while pearly-coated waiters served the ballroom, which was lit by London street lights. The girls for whom the dance was given, Miss Anne Mander and Miss Felicity Rowley are an enchanting pair. Come autumn and Miss Mander plans to read for the Bar. Miss Rowley has passed a secretarial course, but does not intend to be a secretary. Nor has she to be;

she's got her father's eye for a good horse in the raw. A yearling she bought last year at Newmarket she's just sold at a tidy profit.

The dance was an all-ages party. People I saw there included the Countess of Ypres, wearing a tiara; Miss Clare Pelly, the Hon. Serena Inskip, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Rowley, Miss Sarah Butler (only daughter of Mr. "Rab" Butler), Lady Rachel Pakenham, Sir William Pigott-Brown, Bt., and Lord Eliot. One of the older guests was Mr. Harold Camp, Miss Rowley's American grandfather. "It is 22 years since I was up as late as this," he said to me at 3.50 a.m. He sounded sad, but it was no more than a slight pretence, Mr. Camp knows as well as the rest of us that a party as good as this isn't all that easy to come by. The event was very different to Lady Rowley's own dance as a girl in the United States. "Mine wasn't anything like so athletic," she told me. "There was no twisting. It was all cheek to cheek, slow, and rather mysterious."

A COTSWOLD PICNIC

The North Cotswold at Spring Hill is one of the best of the point-to-points, and a marvellous sunny day resulted in the picnic baskets being out in force. (Pictures overleaf.) I saw Major & Mrs. John Moore helping Mr. & Mrs. Roger Swinbourne-Johnson to spread their bottles and their pies on a blue striped tablecloth on the floor of the car boot. Mr. & Mrs. John Bourne came early, picnicked in their Land Rover and watched the crowds go by.

Others racing that day were Capt. & Mrs. George Coles (currently in Spain for a month), Capt. H. B. Parry, M.F.H. & Mrs. Parry, Mrs. F. Rawson-Mackenzie, Mr. & Mrs. Robert Hannay, and Capt. Mason Scott, next season's new joint-Master. Still more racing included Mr. Gerald Nabarro, M.P. & Mrs. Nabarro, Mr. & Mrs. Oscar Perry, Mrs. Ronnie Wallace, Miss Caroline Horsbrugh-Porter, Sir Adrian Beecham, Bt. (son of the famous Sir Thomas) & Lady Beecham, and Mr. Don Fisher, a very amusing person who was the starter.

with teenagers at a holiday ball



Pippa Norcliffe-Roberts and Richard Moore



Easter eggs were thrown to the teenagers

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



QUEEN { CHARLOTTE'S } BALL

A Royal birthday—that of Queen Charlotte, wife to King George III—is celebrated in an annual ball that is the high spot of the debutantes' year. It was held under the patronage of the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden at Grosvenor House



The guest of honour, Marjorie Countess of Brecknock, and the ball president Margherita Lady Howard de Walden



Miss Susan Whitelaw and Mr. John Cox



Miss Victoria Fuller, Miss Harriet Cavendish and Miss Amanda Heathcoat Amory



Miss Antonia Poccell and Miss Diana Maitland Hume



Miss Emma Gray and Mr. Hugh Gray



Mr. Nigel Barttelot and Miss Susan des Voeux



Mr. Simon Thompson and Miss Diana Macleod

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE



Mr. Ian Morrison and Miss Hope Leather



Mr. Adam Loxton-Peacock, Mr. Frederick Hohler and Miss Marigold Neave

With five races on the card a strong body of supporters turned out for the North Cotswold Hunt's point-to-point



Brigadier and Mrs. R. B. Rathbone



Left to right: Miss G. Pearce on Mr. Astley-Bell's Boroford; coming up to the fence, Mrs. P. Tollit on her own entry Grand Crop, winner, and Miss F. E. Roberts on Miss L. Sandys-Lumsdaine's Snifter



Miss Wyndham Lewis rode Miss Fearle

5 RACES AT BROADWAY



Left: Major & Mrs. Pagan Taylor, with their children Robin, Martin, Felicia. Above: Major W. F. Bovill and Mrs. D. Dean

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What's with the Season?



FALCON

Answers supplied by Caroline Doniger (picture above) who is now in the middle of her own first debutante whirl

JUST a few days back I mentioned to a member of the really Old School that I was "doing" the Season and received the scathing comment "Season—what Season?" In the end we had something of an argument since he completely denied the existence of a present-day Season at all. It was understandable of course; in his daughter's day there were presentations, regal ostrich feathers and Eligible Young Men—plainly he needed reassurance.

But before I talk about the Season let's be sure what makes a Deb. She is simply a girl who has been going to an average of ten tea-parties and two luncheons a week since approximately the beginning of the year. To get in on these in the first place, incidentally, is a fairly subtle business, but let's assume that she has a nucleus of would-be Deb friends who invite her to tea, and thus start the ball rolling. In doing so she has made an enormous amount of acquaintances and exchanged addresses with each one. Presumably she makes a big enough hit

with half of these to be invited to their various cocktail-parties and dances which will take place, with no breathing-space at all, from now until the end of July. She will be taken to Ascot, Henley, Wimbledon, the Derby, and, of course, Queen Charlotte's by a doting and conscientious mother.

Now what makes a Deb's Mum? This is a much more demanding and exacting role than her daughter's—any *faux pas* or *gaucherie* on her part being put down to lack of *savoir-faire*. At my age one can get away with the most appalling mistakes—like the unforgivable sins of taking names and addresses *before* lunch, or arriving on time for ANYTHING—without being considered non-U. But mothers must be perfect, knowing exactly where and when to wear a hat and having the grace and aplomb necessary to sit and listen to eulogies on the incomparable beauty, grace, wit and elegance of other mothers' daughters.

There are lunches and teas for Mums as for Debs—fortunately they do not occur with such alarm-

ing frequency. The same frenzied exchange of addresses does take place (how popular are the mothers of sons) but not, I gather, in such an orderly fashion as ours. We possess little sticky labels, but some mothers insist on using their engraved cards which are soon mislaid. My own mother, being excessively vague, has often handed on someone else's card when asked for her own address. The most important thing about a successful Deb's Mum, however, seems to be her total disregard for her husband.

The Season is no place for fathers. They have only two functions—both equally distasteful—the first is to pay the bills, the second is to greet 400 guests (and about 50 gate-crashers), on the night of his daughter's dance, with a cheerful handshake and some suitable murmured comment like "so pleased to see you." This is particularly difficult for the bad actors among them, as they are not really very pleased to see any of these boisterous young strangers at £5 a head. Occasionally they attend friends' dances too, where they stand around wistfully eyeing the Debs, while their wives are dancing with some of the more intelligent boys. Sometimes the mother and father are even seen together watching the Young People Having a Good Time, with a "you're only young once" expression.

What about the so-called Debs' Delights? These—frankly not my idea of fun—are usually very immature young men who just want to be seen around with Debs. I never fail to look surprised when I hear what school these boys went to—it's usually the same one—half of them look more like the popular idea of a woman's hairdresser, except for their dirty nails. Naturally they have a steady flow of invitations because at least they are male and one has to find partners for the 800-odd (not an adjective here) girls from somewhere. Consequently they feel that they are much in demand, and become desperately conceited. Needless to say there are some quite personable men around, but most of these are far too sensible to escort giggly Debs.

What about the popular image of the Deb? For some reason everyone who has not come into contact with one thinks of a

Deb as an extremely unintelligent, illiterate girl with no morals or sense of responsibility. This is completely untrue of the majority—I know of many who are going up to Oxford and Cambridge in September, and about 90 per cent of the rest have either jobs or dress-making or secretarial courses to attend daily—even on an average of five hours' sleep a night. As for their moral attitude—it is the same as any other girl's. Why pick on Debs? It is as unfair (and inaccurate) to generalize about them as it is to generalize about any cross-section of the community.

Girls have always loved to play "let's pretend." During the Season we are really in our element because it's one big game in which the contestants can be divided into two groups: the "Let's pretend we enjoy it" and the "Let's pretend we don't." The truth, as always, lies somewhere between the two. The "Like it's" are the greatest of fun, being vivacious, gay girls with an enormous amount of stamina and vitality. (Do they live off those effervescent morning-after tablets?) They treat the whole Season as something which is not to be taken too seriously or formally, and delight in putting in an appearance at three cocktail-parties and two dances in one evening. These are generally the ones with Mums who also have a sense of humour. There are Mums, however, who force their daughters to go to the "right" parties, and are far too intense about the whole thing. These produce the Debs who generally turn into "Don't like it's." It is these mothers who fling their unwilling daughters into the Season because they look on it as a Marriage Market. They might just as well hurl a plastic bomb on to a desert island—we are simply not ready for marriage at the Deb age.

Consequently I would say this to prospective Debs' Mums: if you only want your daughter to meet an Eligible Young Man, don't bother to bring her out. If you want her to have a wonderful time and become more mature and gain enormous social confidence, then give her a Season. Perhaps *The Season*, as my friend of the Old School knew it, no longer exists. But *A Season* certainly does—and how!

THE PARTY PLANNERS

Report by Angela Ince, photograph by David Sim

THE SETTING

Mrs. Geoffrey Howe is married to a barrister and leads a spinningly busy life that includes being a school governor and a member of committees for hospital management and children's care. She finds time to give about one dinner party a week - even when slowed up by the helping hands of Caroline, who is six, and twins Amanda and Alexander, 2½. Her kitchen is small, compact, and separated from the dining-room by a divider-cum-cupboard.

THE ATMOSPHERE

Informal. "We can fit in eight at the most; but seven is better. If we do have uneven numbers, conversation goes better if the extra one's a man. Women like to be outnumbered, I think. I personally don't like the idea of the women leaving the men to drink port. It's fine for baronial mansions, but when one's nipping out to make the coffee oneself, there doesn't seem much point. Anyway when women are left alone their conversation tends to degenerate into chat about prams and detergents; if there's going to be good conversation in my house I want to listen to it. I think the men probably talk shop when they're left alone, and I don't see why they can't meet for lunch to do that."

SERVICE

"I mostly do everything - cooking and serving - myself, and Heidi, our au pair girl, helps with the washing up. If I've been awfully busy during the day, though, I like to get

someone in to cook for the evening - that way you can pin all your attention to the guests. One tends to get rather pedestrian over menus - produce the same old thing because you know it'll work - so I took a course of refresher lessons from the Cordon Bleu. Worth its weight - twelve lessons revitalized my cooking. I start enjoying my parties about five minutes before everyone arrives. Everything's organized, or should be, and I can sit down and have a drink. It's the end of the working part of the evening, the beginning of the enjoying."

CELLAR

"I wish I knew more about wine." (She should - her father was the late J. Morton Shand, a great wine and food expert.) "My husband is interested, but just hasn't got time, and leaves choosing the wine to me. We experiment all the time - my mother is the family expert, and we rely on her knowledge."

GUESTS' GUIDE

(What is expected from them in the way of conversation): "You can tell within two minutes if people are going to mix well - as soon as they start interrupting, you can relax. As far as I'm concerned, the best thing a guest can bring with him is a sense of humour. I love going out to dinner, and I make an effort when I get there. I expect people to do the same when they come here."

VITAL KITCHEN GADGET

"Undoubtedly the mixer - it's permanently in use."

SPECIALITY OF THE HOUSE

"Most people are enterprising eaters now, I find. I used to be told never to serve things like avocado or artichokes - there might be one person who hated them. But our generation seems to whip through them. This way of cooking lamb (which I got from my hairdresser) is particularly successful: Drop one boned and rolled leg of lamb into boiling water, and simmer for 15 minutes. Take out and smear on all sides in a mixture of butter and oil. Pour over a small glass of brandy, and set alight. When the flames have died down, put the lamb in a casserole with half a bottle of white wine, the juices from the frying pan and 50 cloves of garlic. Season, cover with aluminium foil and a lid, and cook in a low oven for six hours." Note: For those who think one of the ingredients is a thought over-stressed, this dish was tried out on an avid garlic hater who eagerly asked for more. The garlic is served as a garnish - and after six hours cooking it loses its sting



WINE and food come high on the list of holiday pleasures and as most routes to the sun lead through wine-producing countries it's easy enough to include visits to vineyards and cellars even if you haven't a car. The wine that you taste on its home ground, in the company of those whose care has brought it to maturity, ceases to be just a drink and becomes a friend. The way to go about this, though, is *not* (old friends please note) to ring me up two days before you leave and ask for arrangements to be made for you to see a vintage and for young Caroline to get a few days' desultory grape-picking so that she can pay for her week at Antibes afterwards. Ideally, ask your wine merchant to get you some introductions in the areas you hope to visit. He will be glad to encourage your interest, even if you're in the half bottle a fortnight category of drinkers. He will either contact people abroad himself or do so through the shippers. The easiest arrangement is to give dates within which you may be arriving and then, having received confirmation that your visit will be welcome—allow time for this before you leave—say you will ring up and fix an exact time to call when you are in the district. This saves your being tied down to a definite date way ahead and spares keeping a busy man waiting. It shouldn't be necessary to say that when a specific time *is* arranged for you, then you must be punctilious about keeping the appointment—but many British copybooks have been blotted by non or late arrivals. The wine trade are aristocrats of kindness but though easy-going are not casual. Significantly, years before I became seriously interested in wine, one proprietor remarked that he remembered me specially because I wrote and thanked him after visiting his cellars!

If you can't make plans before going away, the simplest way of seeing cellars or vineyards is to ask your hotel—or restaurant—for advice. Most hoteliers inevitably have a wide knowledge of wine within their region and will gladly put you in touch with local producers. First-class hotels, such as the Splendid in Bordeaux, the Poste in Beaune and Los Cisnes in Jerez are unofficial clubhouses for the wine trade of the world. There are also the charming Infante de Sagres in Oporto and the splendid-looking Schloss Reinhartshausen at Erbach which I haven't yet visited. Local tourist offices may also be consulted, but though some are very helpful, others may be vague. Visits arranged through personal contacts are always more pleasant. Vineyards of interest may be visited in many countries, but I limit myself to the most famous regions of the "classic" wines.

WHEN TO GO? The vintage sounds picturesque, but it's essentially an agricultural process like any other harvest and the busiest time of the grower's year so that, with the best will in the world, he doesn't have much time for visitors outside the wine trade. Hotel accom-



Douro pickers bring in the crop

TRAILING THE VINE

A conducted tour of Europe's vineyards with some sage advice for learner tasters. The guide is Pamela Vandyke Price

modation in wine towns at the vintage is reserved almost from season to season for the trade, too. Most vineyards look their best in early or mid summer, before the sun bakes the earth, so June or July are ideal for visiting. People often forget that the vintage only starts in Jerez and around the Mediterranean about the second week in September, getting later as you go north; in Germany they may still be picking grapes in early November.

WORK IN VINEYARDS: Not to be considered unless you're tough enough to cope with whole days of potato lifting—which vintaging resembles somewhat, as vines in most fine wine areas only grow about three feet high. Work permits have to be obtained, living is hard, often primitive. If you're keen, consult your wine merchant, but don't bother if you just want a cheap holiday.

TASTING: Except for the fortified wines, most of those you may be offered to taste from the cask will be young ones. Some can be drunk with enjoyment and your guide will tell you so, but most fine wines are slow to mature and, at this stage, are seldom pleasant to drink down. In addition, if they are fermenting, they can give you a bad tummy upset. Follow the locals,

then, and spit out what you sample, either on the floor in a cellar or in the sink or spoon in a tasting room. Reluctance to do this marks you as a novice—or greedy. Be ready to shake hands with whoever shows you round and anyone you meet in the cellar, but, unless it's obviously expected, be chary of offering any sort of thanks except verbal ones. The character in denims and carpet slippers could be the millionaire owner—and he may also have been at your own college, so don't assume he doesn't understand English. If you're invited into a tasting room, refrain from lighting a cigarette unless encouraged to do so by your hosts and remember that, in the provinces anyway, the woman who repairs her make-up in public proclaims herself American or English, though she can ask for the lavatory without the slightest shyness—in any wine district its whereabouts is often announced as a matter of routine.

JEREZ: A little town, within easy reach of Ronda and Cadiz, where you may also stay. In hot weather the bodegas are closed in the afternoons. Most have English or English-speaking guides and regular tours round. My favourites are the elegant La Riva, the classically impressive Garvey's, and Gonzalez Byass,

which is very lavish and has a colony of tiny mice which bounce up and down, like fragments of fluff, in a corner. The vineyards are all round Jerez and also at San Lucar, by the sea, where manzanilla comes from. The Charterhouse, just outside Jerez, is beautiful.

OPORTO: The port vineyards are a good half day's drive up the Douro—magnificent “day after the creation” type of country, but very wild. The trade wear heavy boots in the granite-covered vineyards—my own brogues were slashed beyond repair in two days. Public accommodation here is *very* limited. One firm—the otherwise superbly hospitable Cockburn—doesn't receive women visitors at its country properties during the vintage. The Minho—“green wine” country—nearer Oporto, is beautiful, the vineyards are picturesque and there are places to stay. Visits to most port lodges in Vila Nova de Gaia, adjacent to Oporto, should be arranged beforehand and, as well as the proudly and traditionally British houses of Cockburn, Taylor, Warre and Delafosse—from whom I attempted to learn something—try also to see a Portuguese port house, such as Ferreira—which came to fame through the leadership of a woman in the 19th century—or the Real Vinicola, where you may also see a wide range of Portuguese table wines. Try also to get someone to show you round the beautiful 18th-century Factory House, with the signatures of Wellington's staff officers in the visitors' book.

MADEIRA: Vineyards and lodges of great beauty. You may need an introduction for visiting certain lodges, but the Lodge of the Madeira Wine Growers in Funchal is open to anyone all the year round.

ITALY: Hundreds of different regional wines, often produced literally down the road from your hotel, so ask if you want to see round. Near lovely Verona, Soave remains my image of the perfect Italian wine town and in Verona the firm of Fratelli Bolla can show tourists their establishment. In Florence, you can see the firms of Luigi Bindi e Figlio, Vinicola Barone Ricasoli and Casa Broglio, in the heart of the Chianti country. G. Contratto, of Canelli, are specialists in Asti. Always better to give some notice of your visit and, as in any hot country, don't arrive around noon, when the wise locals will be preparing to eat and sleep and business houses shut down.

GERMANY: A gap in my own travels, so information is supplied by friends who know it well. The lovely Moselle, with its tributaries the Saar and Ruwer, has its chief wine centre at Piesport, with Trier a second place of interest. From Trier you can drive over Hunsrück to Idar-Oberstein and down the Nahe valley, to join the Rhine at Bingen and see the great vineyards of the Rhinegau. There's

a wine museum at Kloster Eberbach and at Biebrich, near Wiesbaden, the firm of Henkell, who make the sparkling “Sekt,” is open to the public. Otherwise, you must have introductions. The Deutsche Weinstrasse runs through the Palatinate and here Speyer, with its cathedral and fine wine museum, should be seen. In Franconia, a good centre would be Würzburg, with the Juliusspital—try to see round the wonderful cellars and 16th-century pharmacy. As in wine areas in other countries, the cellars of the co-operatives usually advertise that visitors may see them, but of course these will not be the fine wines. If you do visit any of the great properties, there will invariably be someone who speaks English to show you round.

FRANCE: The majority of wine regions have planned *routes du vin* to take you through views of the vineyards, often with cheerful *salons de dégustation* on the way where you pay a small sum to taste the local wines. The Beaujolais is very well organized in this way, the Loire pretty well, not forgetting the Muscadet region around Nantes, Angers with its wonderful tapestry museum and the Cointreau establishment which is always open to visitors. In the south there are the Languedoc region, the muscats of Frontignan, and Rhône wines. Roadside signs will indicate establishments that can be visited. On the way to Switzerland, Arbois, Pasteur's town in the Jura, has a lavish *bar de dégustation* of the firm of Henri Maire in the centre. Alsace, farther north, is famous for kirsch and mirabelle as well as wine—go in cherry blossom time and you'll never forget it. Don't stop in the big towns, as there are excellent country hotels with wonderful views, and above all visit Riquewihr, the “pearl of Alsace,” which is right out of a fairy-tale.

CHAMPAGNE: You won't see vineyards if you drive through Rheims, though you can visit many of the great Champagne houses. Epernay, however, is among the vineyards and nearby is the Abbey of Hautvillers, where Dom Pérignon discovered how to put the sparkle into champagne. Moët et Chandon, largest of all the houses (over 15 miles of cellars), has tours for visitors to the cellars running all the year round and most establishments can be visited in the season. When visiting a cellar in any region it's wise to put on a jacket, but in Champagne, even in the height of summer, take your thickest coat or your teeth will chatter.

COGNAC AND JARNAC: Very charming provincial towns, in which many of the brandy firms can be visited without an appointment—though a more interesting tour will usually result from your giving warning of your visit.

ARMAGNAC: Most firms are in the country and, being fairly small, you need to arrange

your visit beforehand. In Bayonne—where the arms of England are in the roof of the cathedral and the Basque Museum is well worth seeing—you can be shown round the Distillerie de la Côte Basque, where both armagnac and izarra, the Basque liqueur, are made.

BURGUNDY: You can stay in Dijon, a gastronomic city, or small Beaune, which is definitely quaint. See the glorious medieval hospices, supported by the annual wine sale in November, also the wine museum. The cellars in the actual town walls, where the entire population sheltered in the war, are worth seeing; the firms of Patriarche and Calvet, who have part of their stock in them, can show you round, but smaller firms may require a little advance notice. The vineyards are pleasant to look at but not spectacular and much smaller than you probably expect. Visit Clos de Vougeot, headquarters of the Chevaliers du Tastevin, and see the 14th-century wine press, still in use. If near Auxerre, turn off and see Chablis, a tiny town among tiny vineyards.

BORDEAUX: An elegant city, with a beautiful opera house, unfortunately usually closed in summer. Nearby St. Emilion is probably the most charming wine town in France. South of Bordeaux, the Château de la Brède, home of Montesquiou, can be visited; eastwards, Montaigne, with the tower just as when the great essayist lived in it, can be seen if you write beforehand. All round this region are traces of the English occupation and the Lascaux caves are within excursion range. If in a hurry, see Château Haut Brion and Château la Mission Haut Brion, with lovely gardens, at the gates of Bordeaux, but try also to visit Yquem, in the Sauternes region. Drive up the Médoc and see classically elegant Château Margaux and other properties, also the wine museum at Pauillac. Many of the estates have discreet signs “*Visitez les chais*” and, even without an appointment and especially if you speak a little French, you can usually be shown the young wines in cask and the fermentation vats and presses. To see the cellars and offices of any of the shippers in Bordeaux you naturally need an introduction but this is usually easy to arrange—Bordeaux's links with Britain are strong and there are British firms and British proprietors. The liqueur house of Bardinet, which also most impressively handles rum as well, can be visited at short notice, and the firm of Marie Brizard, which also makes liqueurs, is likewise interesting.

In any wine region, your interest and enjoyment of what you see will be doubled if you can read even a little about the particular wines before you go. *A Guide to Good Wine*, by trade authorities, published by Chambers, remains the best single volume for general reference.

THE YOUNG FACE of old **ZANZIBAR**

Vasco da Gama, homeward bound from India, found the spice island in the fifteenth century; the first English ship dropped anchor there ninety years later, but Zanzibar's invasions pre-date the Christian era. Elizabeth Dickson and photographer John Cole on a fashion safari to the British Protectorate ruled by a sultan (see page 425 onwards) found a clove-scented island with a strange sense of timelessness. Livingstone's house surrounded by flamboyant trees and palms still stands on the edge of the white beach as if he had left it only yesterday. But the old Arab city swarms with life and a myriad children race and play along the tracks and beaches that the old-time slavers knew



Portuguese, East African, Cingalese, Persian and Arab children play in the myriad alleys of the bazaar, follow the tourist in hope of food



Imperturbable features, unconscious grace . . . the little girl striking an unconscious pose has the rims of her black eyes smudged with kohl, wears gold ear-rings



Impish eyes, an enormous monkey grin and adult intelligence. The Arab boy followed us like a mascot, spoke Kiswahili with the odd English phrase thrown in



Beach at low tide in sleepy noonday heat. A Negro child finds playthings on the sand . . . strange shells, beads still washed up from a shipwreck 300 years ago



Gang at the corner, ready for mischief. This picture was taken after morning lessons . . . a circle of children reciting verses interrupted by giggles

Right: Last siesta hour before the great rains came . . . bamboo shutters in the hotel bedroom are a steal from any Somerset Maugham setting



Sign of Arab status was to build the steps and door of the house first, invest in rest of the structure later if funds lasted. In some cases only magnificent ruins of steps remain, but here a deserted house stands on the beach where slave traffic was received and shipped. *Right:* Early morning in the maze of paths that lead to jetty and bazaar. In the evening Eastern music drifts from the windows though once I heard Cliff Richard



Rickshaws convey the visiting tourist, here on a day trip from Mombasa, round the town. Eager owner waits for custom in the cool, dark hall of the Zanzibar Palace Hotel. Great Arab door at the entrance is studded with brass



A Conversation with Kouka

KOUKA HAD SAID ON THE TELEPHONE IN HER delightful Spanish accent: "Certainly we must meet again. You are perhaps free this evening? Come and find me at my *coiffeur*, then, when I am leaving at 6.30. It is Carita; *sans doute, vous le connaissez?*" So at 6.29, in a gentle spring shower, my taxi was depositing me outside that well-known establishment in the Faubourg Saint Honoré. I had flown over to Paris for an all-too-brief weekend, and the first thing I'd heard from my "usually reliable sources" was that Kouka had left Dior's and was going to America. Obviously I had to check on this. The well-worn phrase *top Paris model* is used, as I'm well aware, to describe any young lady who makes a living as a mannequin; but Kouka, in fact, has been *the* top Paris model, undisputed except perhaps by her most jealous rivals, for the last couple of years.

I had instantly fallen in love with her (of course), as happens to so many men, the moment I first saw her, which was at a Dior première three years ago when Saint-Laurent was the reigning monarch. She had, and has, the pale oval face of a surrealist Madonna, framed with black hair; her waist is narrow, I would say, to the point of invisibility; and when she shows a collection, her navel—if I may refer to her navel without indelicacy—is held some nine inches in front of her collar-bone (or so it seems). Making use of my special privilege as a visiting journalist, I had approached her after the show amid the flash-bulbs and the champagne, when this dialogue had ensued:

"*Quel est votre nom, mademoiselle?*" (Alas! to admit such ignorance!)

"*Je m'appelle Kouka,*" Kouka had said.

"*Et qu'est-ce que vous avez comme nationalité?*"

"*Je suis Argentine, monsieur.*"

Ah! those very first words we spoke together—how can I forget them? I must admit that they were unfortunately also the very last, until a week ago, for she had been carried away from me on the seething tide of people.

If one is meeting a young lady at her hairdresser's, it is axiomatic that she will not be ready on time, and this was now the case with Kouka. I did not mind in the least, however, if only because it gave me the chance to observe, for 15 or 20 minutes, the fantastic scene of ordered chaos at the busiest time of the day *chez* Carita, which is only rivalled by Alexandre's, I'm told, as the smartest *coiffeur* in Paris. But how infinitely a woman is ready to suffer, I thought, as I surveyed the scene from the chintzy settee to which I'd been directed, in order to be beautiful! The things they were having done to them, the 50 or 60 clients of all conceivable shapes and ages who were filling that ground floor salon to the very last square centimetre!

The time passed quickly as I watched, with fascination, some unimagined tricks of the trade; and

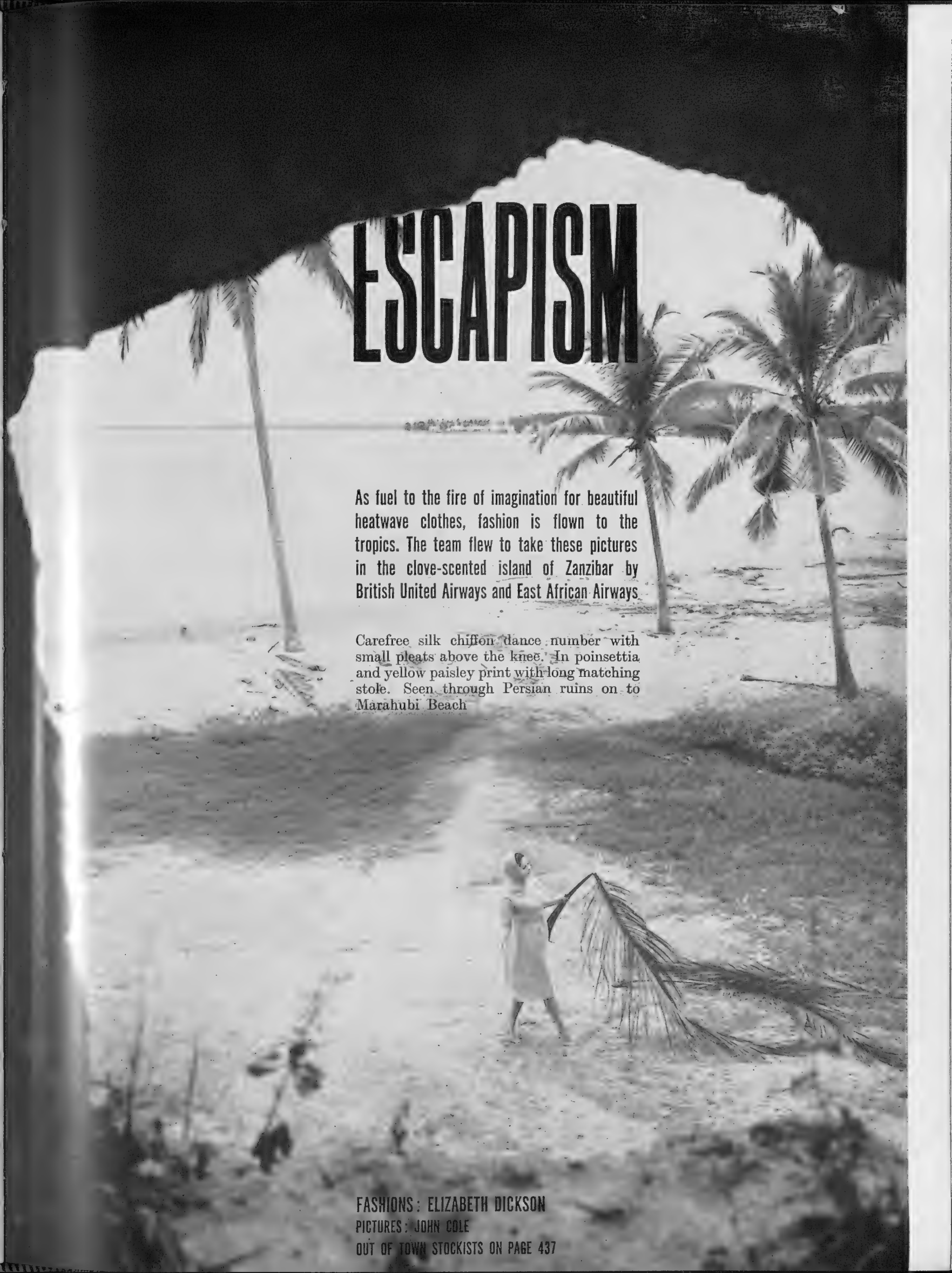
then Kouka, of whom a great fuss was made, ethereally materialized. With her, on a black leash, was her inseparable companion: an extremely small Yorkshire terrier, whose name I fear escapes me. She—for it was a lady-terrier—had *also* been having a hair-do—a kind of canine pony-tail, tied with a scarlet bow. The moment had been worth waiting for.

In a café across the road—"Regardez, *c'est le mannequin Kouka,*" ran the clearly audible whisper—Kouka ordered a *thé-au-citron*; it arrived, and so did my *pastis*, and she began, at my earnest request, to tell me about herself. Her full name is Kouka Gaspar; model-girls in Paris are always known by their *prénoms* only, and Kouka—strange as it may seem—was actually christened Kouka. She had come to Paris from Buenos Aires five years ago, she told me, unknown, without friends and speaking hardly a word of French; but within three days she had talked Givenchy into giving her a job, and within six months she was the star of the *cabine*. Another six months, and Saint-Laurent had snapped her up. She had been at Dior's, as the *grande vedette*, ever since; under her contract, she could work for no one else without special permission, which was not easily given—except, that is, on her two visits to the States each year, in the spring and in the autumn.

And now, after a fortnight's holiday in Greece, she was leaving permanently for New York—insofar as anything is permanent for the Koukas of this world (or, if it comes to that, for the Kilbrackens). "I decided to quit Paris when I was still at the very, very top," she told me (in French) and she was simply stating facts. "I have had no kind of row with Bohan; indeed, I've been very happy with him. But it is necessary to move on; I have many contracts in America for television and films, and I'll get 60 dollars an hour for photographic modelling. I won't do any dress shows—I did my last ever on Saturday. In the good weeks I will make \$2,000 and seldom less than a thousand. Evidently, it's a lot of money, but the career, you know, doesn't go on for ever. Five years more, perhaps ten. . . ." And she happily shrugged her shoulders and smiled like the Gioconda.

What had she been earning, I asked boldly, at Dior's? She wasn't allowed, she told me, to make the figure known. This had been in her contract; there would be a general strike of mannequins if it were known, she said with a laugh. (I am told it was more than twice as much as any other house model's in Paris.) And the matrimony, I said—*Garçon, l'addition!*—how about the matrimony? "No, not so long as I'm working," said Kouka, smiling still. "It simply wouldn't be fair. My life is always so *agitée*, you understand; so *mouvementée*." Yes, I said, as we got up to leave; I understood extremely well. And we walked out together into the rain.

**Lord Kilbracken
in Paris**



ESCAPISM

As fuel to the fire of imagination for beautiful heatwave clothes, fashion is flown to the tropics. The team flew to take these pictures in the clove-scented island of Zanzibar by British United Airways and East African Airways

Carefree silk chiffon dance number with small pleats above the knee. In poinsettia and yellow paisley print with long matching stole. Seen through Persian ruins on to Marahubi Beach

FASHIONS: ELIZABETH DICKSON

PICTURES: JOHN COLE

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS ON PAGE 437



ESCAPISM



Little girl's party dress that left childhood behind for the new frills of adults. Bazaar's clove pink chiffon dress, sissy ruffles round neck and sleeves: 22 gns. White open-sided pumps from Elliotts: 7 gns.



Left: In the labyrinth of Zanzibar's Arab bazaars, Susan Small's banana chiffon afternoon dress. Ruffled, yet cool, the dress is caught at waist by a brooch in pearls and onyx. Dress from Mary Fair, Baker Street: 14 gns.

Soft as the tropical evening breeze, dinner dress in whispering white chiffon, the draped skirt tapers to a gentle caress over one shoulder. By Frank Usher at Dickins & Jones: 22 gns. White pumps by Charles Jourdan at Elliotts



Getting sea-legs for the swimming season, nautical number in navy and white stripes. Bikini pants and shift top belted at hips. At Bradleys, Knightsbridge: Emo, approx. £6 10s.



On Mangapwani Beach where slaves were received and shipped, navy and white striped playsuit in rayon. Blouson top caught with drawstring round hips, shoulder neatly buttoned. Harrods: 9½ gns.

ESCAPISM



Dandy cold-shoulder maillot in navy and white stripes. Worn with a rakish cap that looks like a luscious sea anemone. Zebra suit from Bazaar, 7½ gns. Kleinerts cap: 2 gns.





Alongside mosquito-shaped fishing boat, Martin White's heatwave classic tailored to hug the figure in sapphire jersey piped with white. Fifth Avenue, 69s. 6d.

ESCAPISM



On the Nairobi Escarpment, in colour opposite, Masai tribesmen with Victor Stiebel's romantic chiffon dress in emerald and turquoise print with drifting butterfly wings

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**ESCAPISM**

Brief silk bikini, with magenta design that takes on a geometric aspect. Made to match, the Tiktiner tunic shown over the page. Posed in the Indian Ocean's copper sea and priced 9½ gns. at Woollands



Above: Sinuously stretched on a palm tree at Marahubi beach, a silk tunic to shade the noonday heat. Magenta bikini-matching print, Woollands 16 gns. Cyclamen chiffon hood, Ascher

ESCAPISM



Before the imposing ruins of Marahubi Palace, Susan Small's pink to magenta ombre chiffon ballgown, at Harrods: 36 gns. Eastern necklace of fake amethyst and emeralds, Carita





Year's worth of chic in one travel coat. En route to Zanzibar at Nairobi Airport, chalk mohair coat that's reluctant to crease. Satin covered buttons. Kiki Byrne: 29 gns. B.U.A.'s travel bag and mother-of-pearl and topaz clip by Cis, 14 gns.

Above: If Man had been Girl Friday, she might have worn: Woollands' cinnamon crêpe chiffon frock pleated from the hips, 13½ gns. Pearl and ruby necklace belt from Carita, 18 gns.



British United Airways will fly you almost non-stop to Nairobi and back for £196 4s. (Economy Class Return). East African Airways fly you from Nairobi to Zanzibar for £23, three-day return; or £25, seven-day return; or for £35 11s. normal tourist return

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

- P. 426 Susan Small short yellow chiffon evening dress at: Bobbys, Eastbourne; Owen & Owen, Liverpool
- P. 427 Frank Usher white chiffon short evening dress at: Chanal, Leeds; Rackhams, Birmingham
- P. 428 Emo bikini pants and shirt at Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth
- P. 430 Martin White blue swimsuit at: Garlands, Norwich; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester
- P. 434 Nelbarden white pleated swimsuit in nylon at: Matthias Robinson, Leeds; Reed & Todd, Glasgow
- P. 436 Susan Small long pink chiffon evening dress at: William Harvey, Guildford; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh

COUNTER SPY ON A

CROCODILE

HUNT

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



BARRY WARNER

CROCODILE is ruthlessly expensive and you have to like it enough to face carrying it around for several years because it lasts for almost ever. But with a minimum of care crocodile keeps its good looks intact in rain or shine. A suitcase, a pair of shoes, a bag can kick around half the world and still look as if it had been taxi-ing in London.

Proof of its long life is provided by the handbags and luggage that our parents dispatched to the attic long before they wore out. And crocodile tears need no longer be shed over indifferent design—the crocodile stockers are looking to the affluent young as well as the moneyed middle aged.

Chanel crocodile bags never stay long in the shops, a honey pale one with solid gold chain handles costs £340 from

Cartier who use only the youngest, most faultless skins.

Hunting from the left, cigar case in tobacco coloured crocodile: £34 13s. from Hermès.

Squared up toe on a seal brown Charles Jourdan shoe, Gourmont: 18 gns.

Squared up travelling clock from Finnigans: 17 gns.

Faultless crocodile man's belt from Hermès: £21.

Solidly clasped jewel case from Finnigans: £23 15s.

Brass-bound king sized cigarette case: £22 12s. 6d. from Dunhill.

Crocodile diary to live in an exclusive bag: £28 from Hermès.

Safari crocodiles can be taxidermitized at Rowland Ward's or made into a status symbol bag at Gino's, Lowndes Court.

VERDICTS

PLAYS

Pat Wallace

ALL FOR TRUTH LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH (JOHN WOODVINE, ZENA WALKER, ELIZABETH SPRIGGS, DANIEL THORNDIKE, SHEILA BALLANTINE)

Molière Anglicé

MOLIERE'S PLAYS ARE AS UNQUENCHABLY VITAL as if the interval of 300 years didn't exist. Neither the dress, nor the manners, nor the social pattern of the time can distract from the essential fact that they are marvellously actable and uncluttered pieces of stagecraft. In the new production of his greatest comedy, *Le Misanthrope*, this is just as well, since it has to stand not only a translation into English but into English rhyming couplets. These follow the playwright's original plan but only, I am afraid, at a distance. The odd thing about these couplets, in English anyway, is that they tend to back up the flow of the speeches besides being excessively difficult, from the actor's point of view, to render smoothly. How wise of

Shakespeare only to use a couplet as the invisible curtain to a scene.

One of the reasons, of course, why the play itself continues to appeal is that it deals with a basic problem: the nature of hypocrisy in all its degrees from the social white lie to the bland disregard of truth where it conflicts with convenience or self-interest. Alceste, played by Mr. John Woodvine with a rather glum sincerity, is the man in revolt against what he regards as a destroying canker in society, taking his stand implacably not only against the sin but the sinners, and Celimène is the lady he loves in spite of her being the most accomplished, and certainly the prettiest, hypocrite of them all. Miss Zena Walker is a bewitching little Celimène, her charm making it all the more credible that Alceste should be so infatuated and the gaggle of other suitors so jealous of each other. She might well be the prototype of all those romantic heroines who not only inspire love but have the mental agility of a successful banker. As Alexander Woolcott once said of a friend: "Just a dreamer, with a very fine sense of double entry book-keeping."

Indeed, Celimène's deftness at scoring off others while seizing every opportunity and advantage for herself is responsible for one of the most amusing scenes in the play. Arsinoë, a woman friend, played statuesquely and with much dramatic emphasis by Miss Elizabeth Spriggs, comes to acquaint her with some ill-natured gossip which she, Arsinoë, has naturally denied in her role of Celimène's champion. "I know you through and through, my dearest friend," smiles one to the other as Celimène moves sweetly—and effectively—into the attack and the two ladies exchange well phrased and deadly insults.

But it is the character of Alceste, his growing contempt and dislike for his fellow men, which give the play its real profundity. Alceste, one should feel, is justified in his bitterness though, in the main, it springs not from his love's casual attitude to moral judgments but from the behaviour of his male contemporaries. One *wants* to believe in him and it is easy enough to dismiss such faults as his utter lack of humility, for it is doubtful whether humility was much regarded as a virtue in 1666. But, in this production at least, it is difficult to like him as he glowers away, scene by scene shedding his dignity and letting the real, dyed-in-the-wool grumpiness show through. Alceste, surely, should not be a prig but, by the end of the evening, he seemed to be that and a self-absorbed old misery as well; a man who would have made Celimène's life a dreary waste, whether or not she had opted for the desert as he so unfairly suggests in the last scene.

Mr. Daniel Thorndike as Philinte, Alceste's truly loyal friend, and Sheila Ballantine as Eliante, not only represent the forces of true goodness but give two excellent performances as well and Miss Ballantine, particularly, brings an attractive composure and poise to a not very rewarding part. Both these characters epitomize common sense, a balancing factor to which only a Molière could give a dramatic quality. But then he was, and remains, a great dramatist.

"He is implacable" says actor Anthony Perkins (centre) of director Orson Welles, who here looks it. They were preparing a prison scene in Paris for Mr. Welles's new film *Procès*, about a man arrested on an unknown charge. After filming in Paris the company was going on location to Yugoslavia



FILMS

Elspeth Grant

SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH DIRECTOR RICHARD BROOKS (GERALDINE PAGE, PAUL NEWMAN, SHIRLEY KNIGHT) **THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE** DIRECTOR JOHN FORD (JAMES STEWART, JOHN WAYNE, VERA MILES) **LES SNOBS** DIRECTOR JEAN-PIERRE MOCKY (FRANCIS BLANCHE, GERARD HOFFMAN, VERONIQUE NORDEY) **THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE DOG** DIRECTOR YOSIF HEIFITZ (YA SAVINA, ALEXEI BATALOV, ALA CHOSTAKOVA)

Hard luck, Tennessee

LEFT TO HIS OWN DARK DEVICES, MR. TENNESSEE Williams would no doubt have ended the film, *Sweet Bird Of Youth*, as devastatingly as he ended the play on which it is based—with the castration, no less, of the anti-hero. Mr. Richard Brooks, who made the screen adaptation and directed the film, possibly felt the censor would not stand for this. (I can't believe he so misjudged cinema audiences as to think *they* wouldn't: they seem ready to stand for anything, these days.)

Anyway—and let's be thankful for small mercies—Mr. Paul Newman, in the role he created on Broadway, now merely has his face

bashed in and though the Sweet Bird of Youth flies off the screen with sullied plumage and its pinions clipped, it leaves a note of hope hanging in the air. This deprives the story of its full impact and I dare say makes the gloomy playwright sick—but I think you will find the film sufficiently stunning all the same, even if you're a positive devil for punishment. Mr. Newman, a handsome small-town boy from the wrong side of the tracks, has had the misfortune to fall in love with Miss Shirley Knight, only daughter of the richest man in the place—a ruthless political boss, superbly played by Mr. Ed Begley as a monstrous hypocrite, stuffed with guile and iniquity. To scotch the romance Mr. Begley, smiling as benevolently as any crocodile, presses money into Mr. Newman's hand and packs the gullible young man off to seek in more propitious surroundings the short cut to success and the easy money to which (Mr. Begley implies) his good looks and masculinity entitle him.

For some years now, Mr. Newman has been vainly trying to peddle his physical assets, and in desperation he has attached himself to a faded film star—as to whom Miss Geraldine Page gives a performance that is nothing less than riveting. With her he returns to his home town. He shares her bed, passes her the vodka and the benzedrine, the marijuana and the oxygen cylinder as required, in the belief that

she will any minute fix him up with a Hollywood contract: he is prepared to blackmail her if she doesn't.

When the political boss and his odious son (Mr. Rip Torn) learn that Mr. Newman is back in town and looking for their daughter and sister, they are ripe for murder. It doesn't quite come to that—but before the final beating-up in which Mr. Newman's looks are ruined, the director has, you may be happy to know, provided some compensatory moments of incomparable viciousness: one between the boss and his mistress (Miss Madeleine Sherwood), and one between the film star and the boss's son. There's plenty of mental cruelty, too, especially in the cross-cut scenes of Miss Page's farewell and Miss Knight's humiliation. While the film star, her confidence in her future restored by a telephone conversation with Mr. Walter Winchell, is seen in her hotel bedroom pitilessly stripping the gigolo of his illusions, the girl all the film is about, at a stormy public meeting in the street below, is having her reputation torn to shreds by her father's political opponents. How beastly, one wonders, can people get?

Mr. John Ford's splendidly directed Western, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, is both robust and wry. It has Mr. Lee Marvin as Liberty Valance, terror of the territorial town of Shinbone, Mr. James Stewart as a dedicated lawyer, and good old granite-puss Mr. John



The tape recorder that lived for kicks got a high-powered one at this session with Paul Newman and Geraldine Page, in *Sweet Bird of Youth*

Wayne, in fine form, as a tough rancher. Mr. Wayne knows that the only way to get rid of Valance is with a gun. Mr. Stewart advocates more civilized methods—he pins his faith on the Law and the Press (gloriously represented by Mr. Edmond O'Brien)—but when Valance wrecks the office of *The Shinbone Star* and half-kills the editor, even he appears to concede that violence must be met with violence. He gets himself a pistol.

One dark night, pistol in hand and by appointment, he meets Valance in a deserted street. Shots ring out, Valance falls dead—and Mr. Stewart is hailed as the hero of Shinbone and from then on is *made*. He progresses, by stages of which we only hear, from Congressman to Ambassador to the Court of St. James's (I'd love to have seen that bit), and seems to be well in the running for the Vice-Presidency. His

only regret is that he owes his success to the fact that he killed Valance.

Well, actually he didn't. I'll give you one guess as to who did. Even when he learns the truth, Mr. Stewart is not altogether happy—for by now everybody has accepted the legend of his gun-fight as fact, and he is stuck with it. Mr. Ford has thrown in, for those who like them, some powerful, free-for-all brawls—and, for people like me, a gloriously funny burlesque of an old-time political convention. It is altogether a most satisfying film—marred only by the frantic performance of Miss Vera Miles, an over-actress whom I find peculiarly irritating.

Les Snobs, written and directed by thirty-two-year-old M. Jean-Pierre Mocky, is an outrageous, sardonic and wildly hilarious comedy which blithely lashes out at everything and everybody in sight in the French-provincial

scene: ambitious businessmen, society hostesses, the newspaper racket, youth clubs, public officials, churchmen, huntsmen, do-gooders, go-getters—M. Mocky views them all with a beady eye and holds them up to ridicule. The film rattles along at a tremendous pace—so keep your eyes well open: it would be a pity if you missed a single one of the wicked points that M. Mocky makes with such delight and malice.

No admirer of Chekov should miss **The Lady With The Little Dog**, a beautiful and tender Russian film which perfectly conveys the atmosphere conjured up by that wistful, *fin de siècle* story of illicit and hopeless love. Mme. Ya Savina, a lovely creature with the most innocent eyes in the world, and M. Alexei Batalov, a handsome man with an increasingly tortured expression, are infinitely touching as the chief protagonists.

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

BEST TALES OF TERROR EDITED BY EDMUND CRISPIN (FABER & FABER, 16s.). **AT YOUR PERIL** BY HUGH CUDLIPP (WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON, 21s.). **THE SPY WHO LOVED ME** BY IAN FLEMING (CAPE, 15s.). **THE LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY** BY FLORENCE EMILY HARDY (MACMILLAN, 30s.).

Roll on the grue

I COUNT AMONG THE LEAST HARMFUL regressive urges towards one's own childhood the powerful impulses to re-read Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle twice a year or so and from time to time to frighten oneself to death with a few well chosen ghouls, resurrected corpses, manifestations of the Devil, creaking doors, sudden shrieks and nasty padding footfalls coming upstairs towards the bedroom. I thought, wistfully, that I had lost a great deal of my early ability to respond with really piggy enjoyment to the kind of story that helps one towards a genuine cold shiver, but Edmund Crispin's anthology **Best Tales Of Terror** restored all that enchanting remembered chill.

This strikes me as a really admirable collection, designed for the delicately discriminating, for those who prefer their terror witty, unexpected, and often extraordinarily contemporary. (For fear you may not have noticed, psychiatry has taken over from phantoms in the Old Vicarage, and there is one hair-raising story here concerned with the reactions of a group of human guinea-pigs who have been scientifically relieved of their need for sleep.)

There is a profoundly shocking, obsessive story about a canal by Elizabeth Jane Howard; an enchanting sketch for *A Handful Of Dust* by Evelyn Waugh; a couple of exotic, corpse-laden but still understated horrors by Ray Bradbury; a ghastly bee-fantasy by Roald Dahl; a truly Gothick study in unwelcome resurrection, creating a climate of clinging and sodden darkness, by Robert Aickman. I found the entire collection thoroughly enjoyable and

finished it wishing that more of our best novelists would take time off to experiment in a specialized *genre* which allows such possibilities for imagination, fantasy, delicacy of style and a sort of dainty hangman's wit.

Hugh Cudlipp's **At Your Peril**—Mr. Cudlipp has a particular fancy for notably untimid, declamatory titles—is a super scrapbook of random jottings about and from the Cecil King empire, wildly fragmented, apparently dictated, one would guess, at high speed and on the move; if there could be such a thing as Action Writing, this undoubtedly is it. Mr. Cudlipp is tremendously endearing and bustles along giving off sparks, bubbles, a rattling sound of machine-gun fire, and a wurra-wurra-wurra noise that reminds me of Tigger. Some of the material is extraordinarily funny: Cudlipp's brilliant breakdown on the correct and incorrect use of baby pictures; the exquisite discovery, in the gentlemen's lavatory in the Savoy, of the poor young man dressed, chains and all, as the Beaverbrook *Crusader*, after a celebratory tableau to mark a Tory election victory had been hastily cancelled; the editor, faced with a merger, who was cut down from the blind cord by resourceful reporter Cudlipp who was calling by for his expenses to be passed but whipped out his Boy Scout's clasp knife just in time. The exuberance is irresistible.

The new Ian Fleming, **The Spy Who Loved Me**, has a Richard Chopping jacket involving a carnation and a dagger ("Dagger by Wilkinson Swords Ltd"). I am a Fleming fan, but this latest novel seems to me a dismal thing, full of a dispirited kind of titillation and told, inexplicably, in the first person by a Canadian girl who is in danger of becoming twisted and bitter about sex but who is straightened out instantly by the Bond treatment ("This is the story of who I am and how I came, through a nightmare of torture and the threat of rape and death, to a dawn of ecstasy"). It all feels, somehow, as though the author were almost beginning to disbelieve in the old magic himself.

The Life Of Thomas Hardy by Florence Emily Hardy (most of it in fact by the novelist himself)

is an amalgamation of two books, both of them out of print until now. Odd, quirky, shadowed and deeply secret, this self-concealing *Life* nevertheless has some admirable material. I cherish particularly the sense of passing time: Hardy astoundingly attended both Palmerston's funeral and Mr. Harold Macmillan's wedding, and recorded in his diary, after a dinner party, "Sir F. told Emma that he had danced in the same quadrille with a gentleman who had danced with Marie Antoinette."

In Verdicts on books in our issue of 2 May the publication of Carpaccio was mistakenly attributed to Messrs. Thames & Hudson. The book, with its introductory essay by Jan Lauts, is in fact the major spring publication of Phaidon Press Ltd. to whom we extend our apologies.



Bearded Mel Calman, gossip column cartoonist of the "Daily Express", thought of his recent book *Through The Telephone Directory* (Putnam, 9s. 6d.) while using a telephone box as a studio, a way of life for which he claims massive advantages

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

THE BIRDLAND STORY (VOL. I) JOHN COLTRANE/LEE MORGAN (VOL. II) THAD JONES/PARKER/POWELL BIRD IS FREE CHARLIE PARKER SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME MILES DAVIS OLÉ COLTRANE AND AFRICA/BRASS JOHN COLTRANE

Don't say jazz—say Birdland

NO SINGLE PLACE, BE IT CLUB, DANCE HALL, OR drinking dive, has played such a leading role in the development of jazz since the last war as New York's Birdland. Since 1949 it has built up a reputation as the centre of *avant-garde* music to the point where it has been described as "a cultural vantage point and barometer of trends." Its clientele is cosmopolitan, international, and to some extent discerning. Now Columbia have issued two oddly-assorted volumes of *The Birdland Story*, starting with John Coltrane's Quartet and Lee Morgan's Quintet back-to-back (33SX1399), both recorded in 1961. Coltrane's tenor turns to vinegar in my ears, playing the style and tone he did during his tour here last year. Morgan's trumpet, equally modern in concept, is possibly one of the finest exponents of the style known

today as "hard bop," possessing all the jagged statements we knew from the early bop, but much more compact and less frenzied in its new form.

The second volume from Birdland (33SX1403) devotes one side to a Basie-based sextet led by Thad Jones on trumpet. I am never at a loss to understand their music, and particularly relish Al Grey's trombone work. The reverse is historical, with tracks by Bud Powell, Stan Getz, and Charlie Parker, once with Miles Davis and once with Dizzy Gillespie. Don't imagine that "Bird" Parker was disassociated either with the name Birdland or its activities. He worked and made mischief there as often as anywhere else—ironically on more than one occasion he had to be barred from the establishment—and is perhaps best known for his work with a string group backing him there. Another facet of Parker's playing can be heard on *Bird Is Free* (32-157), where the recording quality is abominable, but his music verges on the ecstatic. In his own special way he takes off to the sky, regardless of the inadequate men surrounding him. A part of his way of life is paralleled in a new novel by John Williams, *Night Song* (Collins, 15s.), which I have just been reading. It establishes with great realism the slender line which divides life from death in the lives of men like Parker, down the tragic paths they

choose to tread, driven by inner compulsion.

Miles Davis brought his trumpet and his group to Birdland more often than I could number. I can imagine the crowds flocking to hear him play things from his latest album, *Someday My Prince Will Come* (STFL587). The day that Disney gets Picasso to animate his cartoons he may revive the same sort of interest in his movies! Miles plays his usual slightly pinched-up style, never faltering in the most complex manoeuvre, and Coltrane blows lucid tenor of an earlier vintage than the one I mentioned before. Straight from the vinegar jug comes *Olé Coltrane* (SAH-K6223), an endless and meaningless improvisation on heaven knows what, except that for Coltrane it is a night out on soprano saxophone for a change. His first problem is that he writes and plays too long, which only he can cure, and then he must get his tone sorted out.

A large studio group backs John Coltrane in the weird excursion he makes into *Africa/Brass* (CSD1431). This would best be described as an experiment in sound, not only from the orchestral point of view, but from the amorphous sequence of runs which his saxophone pursues. Should this ever reach the ears of the Birdland set, I am certain they would send it back to the place where it belongs, and that, for sure, is not Africa!

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

CÔTE D'AZUR

Art afloat on a flood

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BAD WEATHER TO increase the public's knowledge of art. And there can be nowhere in the world where this law is more in evidence than here on the Riviera. I have been to the Musée Grimaldi at Antibes twice recently. The first time the sun was shining and I had the whole amazing collection of Picasso's paintings, drawings, lithographs, sculptures and ceramics—not to mention the works of other contemporary painters, the classical sculpture and the castle ramparts—to myself. The second time it was wet and the raincoated, franc-a-time customers and their children (half-price) packed the place and filled it with their chatter.

And it was not only the permanent public exhibitions along the coast that attracted the crowds during the recent bad spell. At Marseilles a big exhibition of pictures by Francis Picabia, the surrealist and pioneer abstract painter who died in 1953, has been a far greater success than expected, and a Marie Laurencin exhibition in the 65 Galerie on the Croisette at Cannes has had more visitors than even so charming an artist as she could have hoped to attract if the weather had been as it should have been. Needless to say, a Picasso show, also at

Cannes, has been packing 'em in, too. In fact, the real star of this exhibition is not Picasso but a young photographer, André Villers, who has collaborated with him. Together they have produced a number of amusing whimsies which, with a paean of poppycock by poet Jacques Prévert, are published in an outrageously expensive book called *Diurnes* (i.e., not *Nocturnes*).

It is the originals of the illustrations to the book that are on show. They are composite pictures made by placing cut-paper masks and figures on photographic negatives of a variety of subjects—landscapes and close-ups of such things as stone, bark, lace, human skin—for part of the time during the photo-printing process. The cut-paper creations are the work of Picasso in his most frivolous mood and he has matched their frivolity by giving them titles like *Ilic*, *Nunc*, *Urbi*, *Turbi*, *Tohu* and *Bohu*. (And, of course, *Jacqueline*.) Villers has brought a lot of skill and a little art to the photography.

This exhibition fills the lower floor of the Galerie Madoura, which is associated with the pottery at Vallauris in which Picasso used to work and which still produces the so-called *Editions Picasso* pottery. On the upper floor is an exhibition of ceramics designed not only by Picasso but also by that other brilliant local boy, Chagall, and by Braque and Miro. All four of them learnt what they know of the potter's art from diminutive Madame Suzanne Ramie, joint-owner of the Madoura pottery.

As usual the Picassos are the most spectacular

features of the show. It is impossible not to admire the inventiveness of the man, which is just as lively as he was when he began to play with clay 14 or 15 years ago. By contrast Braque and Miro are content to adapt their styles as painters to the ceramic medium and decorate plaques and plates. But Chagall, though obviously influenced by Picasso's bird-vases, translates the lovers and cockerels that appear so often in his paintings into the round and, in doing so, manages to produce a number of jugs that are curiously Victorian in feeling.



André Villers, photographer, worked with Picasso to produce the pictures on the wall

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DINING IN

Helen Burke

Irish stew technology

FOLLOWING THE SEASON'S FIRST ARRIVAL OF English lamb (and there is none better), supplies have steadily become more plentiful at prices which do not break us. I often wonder if there was ever a better stew than IRISH STEW, made with lamb? I am told that in some parts of Ireland (or was my informer putting one over on me?), pork is used for this dish. But lamb is the thing and neck chops are the best. Remove as much fat from them as possible because a greasy stew is a poor one. What little fat is left will be absorbed by the potatoes.

Wash the chops under running water, to get rid of splintered bones as much as anything else. Place them in a layer in a large deep pan, allowing two chops per serving. Sprinkle with salt and freshly-milled pepper then, for 8 chops, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. (or more, if you like) of sliced, quartered Spanish onions. Barely cover with water, put on the lid, and cook gently for an hour. Top with as many whole or sliced potatoes (old ones, for preference) as are required, cover again and cook slowly for another 2 to 2½ hours.

Although it is not general, I like to sprinkle Irish stew with chopped parsley. Or, if you have chives in the garden, try adding them instead. Some people turn the chops in flour in the first place, which is a pity. The clear stock is much more desirable.

An excellent main dish is CÔTELETTES D'EAU DE LAIT NAVARRAISE. Young lamb is the thing. For four people, allow 8 boned cutlets. (Use the bones and any trimmings for Scotch broth stock.) First make the follow-

ing topping: Mix together 3 oz. each of chopped, cooked ham and chopped, cooked mushrooms (simmered in a little butter), and a heaped tablespoon of chopped pimentos (canned). Bind with a breakfastcup of really thick Béchamel sauce. Dip each cutlet in a little melted butter and quickly grill them on one side only. Divide the mixture between the eight cutlets, rounding each portion on the grilled surface.

Place them in a greased roasting tin and cover with grated cheese (3 to 4 oz. in all). Put them into a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7) to brown the cheese and finish the cooking. Or, instead of the oven, place the cutlets under the grill until the cheese melts and takes on a slight brown tone. Instead of the grated cheese, I usually place a very thin slice of Fontana cheese on each cutlet.

Grilled halved tomatoes are ideal with this dish. Dip each cut surface in melted butter and sprinkle with a little flour. Before cooking the cutlets, grill the tomatoes under a fierce heat then, at the last minute, give them a moment under the grill to make sure that they are thoroughly heated through.

It will save time and washing-up if the cutlets with their topping are placed in a large enough heatproof shallow dish with the tomatoes arranged around them. With most grills, the dish would have to be turned during the cooking. Serve with tiny boiled potatoes. Peas or cut green beans could also be served but there is probably quite enough without them. One

could quite well follow the above recipe without first boning the cutlets, but one would miss the bones and trimmings for stock and few people manage to "strip" a bone well at table.

Probably, the French equivalent of Irish Stew is NAVARIN OF LAMB. For it, I suggest the best end of neck of lamb cutlets—and be sure they are cut really near to the neck, to avoid unnecessary fat. For four servings, allow 8 fairly thick cutlets. I use a largish enamelled cast-iron casserole for this dish.

Trim off the fat and fry it, discarding the residue. Fry the seasoned cutlets in it to a light gold, then remove them for a moment. Pour off the remaining fat. Sprinkle the bottom of the casserole with a good pinch of sugar, which will quickly caramelize. Sprinkle and work in a tablespoon of flour then work in 2 to 3 chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes. Stir in enough stock or water to cover the cutlets well. Return them to the casserole and add further salt and pepper to taste. Cover and simmer for an hour.

In another pan, simmer 8 whole small onions, 8 tiny new carrots, 8 small new potatoes and a white turnip cut into 8 pieces barely to colour them. Add them to the stew and let the whole lot cook gently for another hour. Instead of serving this dish in the casserole, I turn the stew into a heated large shallow dish where it is so much easier to see each part of it. If potatoes are difficult to come by, as, at the moment of writing, we are told they may be, Patna rice, boiled as for curry—and cooked and served separately, of course—is even better.

ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

Ammunition against pests

MOST OF THE OTHER INSECT PESTS SUCH AS rose leaf hoppers and frog hoppers with their nasty "cuckoo spit" can be dealt with by using the same spray as for greenfly, but a nicotine spray is better if the red spider is present. You can buy this or make a home-made version by collecting as many cigarette ends as fill a pound jam jar and boiling them in enough water to extract the nicotine, straining the liquid before use. This mixture is diluted to five gallons. I had the recipe from an old rose grower. It is also effective against greenfly. It is, by the way, a good thing to syringe roses with clean water some few hours after spraying. This will counteract any undue strength in the spraying liquid used (which tends to damage the foliage), and also clear away the dead insects and their sticky residue.

Caterpillars can be destroyed by D.D.T., but this also kills the grubs of the ladybird beetle so it is better to pick them off by hand. This is a tedious task and often requires patience, but the thing to look for is the crumpled rose leaf where the caterpillar is nearly always concealed.

Rose hedges are particularly liable to become dormitory areas for caterpillars.

Mildew, showing itself by a whitish powder on buds and leaves, is one of the worst of the fungal diseases of the rose. It spreads very rapidly and can soon cover a bush entirely. Damp, enclosed gardens are an encouragement to mildew attacks. Affected leaves should be removed as soon as possible and burned, and the remedy is to spray with Buisol or the various mixtures containing copper; all these substances should be accurately diluted and used in enamel buckets, care being taken not to inhale the fumes. Other methods of control include dusting with flowers of sulphur. Needless to say, all these measures are aimed not at destroying the disease itself but at preventing its spreading. Continual spraying throughout the growing season, from the time of pruning onwards, is essential if these troubles are to be held off.

The same applies to black spot, a malady recognized at first by the large brown spots that appear on the upper surface of the leaves,

followed by rapid defoliation of the bushes Bordeaux mixture and Buisol are suitable treatments, applied early and regularly through the season, *before* an attack has begun. The warm moist districts in the south of England are prone to black spot. Conversely, the industrial areas of the Midlands and the North are less troubled. Some roses—*Shot Silk*, for example, and some of the old shrub roses—have a high degree of resistance to this serious disease.



Black spot looks like this

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

COOL WATER

Cool, cool water brings refreshing showers for a thirsting skin and the face feels marvellous. Soap and water is the ideal for the lucky few skins but a soap and water wash can be simulated by products like Lancôme's Fraicheur or Bien Aise, both of which combine water in the method. Fraicheur is a cleanser that lathers on with a brush, rinses off, Bien Aise is worked on with the fingers, taken off with warm water—splash shut the pores with water or their gentle Tonic Bleu. So the tingling feeling that comes with a soap and water wash is combined with the undoubted deeper cleansing properties of a good cream. Moisture is the sum-up of three outstanding products from Lenthéric who are pioneering with jars that dispense just enough Skin Dew

at the turn of a cap to do the job. Anti-clocktwist and it slips back again. No messy fingers—up till now a spatula or a knuckle have been the only way to prise out the last of the cream. Pioneer work too in the formula of Cleansing, Toning & Nourishing Ice Dews which are of a new, extremely light, jelly-like consistency. Cleansing Ice Dew is smoothed on, removed with damp cotton-wool. The Nourishing form goes on afterwards and the Toning version comes into use whenever skin needs stimulating. The usual way to grow things is with water but the ingenious Swiss firm of Mavala have a new product called Chatton that claims to grow the lashes by using this powder in small dabs between layers of mascara: 21s. for basic black, brown and blue.

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MOTORING

*Dudley Noble**Now the space saloon*

THE NEW ESTATE CAR VERSION OF THE HILLMAN Super Minx is a model that will appeal to many who have a liking for this Rootes Group product but want greater space than the ordinary saloon can give them. Today more and more people are finding the need for transporting bulky and cumbersome loads, and there is no wonder that the type we used to call station wagon is gaining so much popularity. This Hillman offers the luxury and comfort of a saloon and, with its recently enlarged engine (now of 1.6 litres capacity, developing $66\frac{1}{2}$ b.h.p.), performance does not suffer unduly even if a full load is carried. The makers claim that 700 lb. of goods can be transported if there are two persons aboard, or 400 lb. if there are four. The rear seat folds flat when maximum floor space is required, and the tail gates can be left open to provide extra length. It is a well-finished vehicle and has a smart appearance, in no way reminiscent of a tradesman's van, as were so many of the earlier types of estate car.

During a trial of this new Hillman model I found that it could manage a full 80 m.p.h., but it was in the acceleration that the extra power of the new engine was most noticeable. The actual car sent me to try was fitted with Easidrive automatic transmission, which has electric control of the three gear ratios and a magnetically-operated clutch. I am becoming more and more enamoured of automatic transmission, especially in London traffic—and the same would, of course, go for other congested centres. It is so restful to be able to coast up to a red light, knowing that, as soon as the car comes to a halt, bottom gear is waiting to take up the drive immediately. There is one journey which I have to make regularly, of about eight miles and all of it through streets in West London. I counted the other day that I made

162 motions with hand and left foot in stopping, restarting and changing gear with an orthodox four-speed gearbox. This must be some strain on any driver's physique, and I believe that in due course automatic transmission will become as much a part of the average car as it is in America.

For the present, and until public demand enables production to reach the level where it could be a standard fitment, British car manufacturers are obliged to quote automatic transmission as an extra. In the case of the Hillman Minx, the price of Easidrive is £121 (£88 basic, £33 purchase tax) over and above the £887 17s. 9d. (£645 basic) at which the new Super Minx estate car is listed. My experience bears out that Easidrive is well suited to a car of the Minx's dimensions, and one of its most appealing characteristics is the smoothness with which it starts from rest. Even if the accelerator is pressed down quite hard, the car moves off without judder. Changes into 2nd and top gears are governed by the electrical control already mentioned: this brings in 2nd at about 10 m.p.h. and top at around 25 m.p.h.—or, if the car is being driven hard, the changes will be delayed until about 20 m.p.h. and 45 m.p.h. respectively. In the descending sequence, 3rd gear will give place to 2nd when speed and throttle opening call for the lower ratio, or the driver can always bring about a change down by pressing the accelerator pedal. Alternatively, there is a position on the small quadrant on the steering column (which selects neutral, forward or reverse) where 2nd gear is held indefinitely. This is very useful also for descending steep hills.

The Super Minx is a particularly pleasing car to drive, being so well sprung and comfortably upholstered. It has a feeling of

stability that, of all the points of a car, is one that I consider to be outstandingly important. The now more powerful engine runs with quiet smoothness and its moderate compression ratio (8.3 to 1) allows it to operate without pinking on the average premium grade petrol. Visibility from the driving seat is excellent, and the rear window, which is of the wrap-around type, makes backing into a confined space reasonably simple, especially in conjunction with the slightly raised rear wing tails. The front wheels have the usual Hillman independent suspension, while drum type brakes have been retained all round. The steering is accurate and fairly light to handle. Both front and back seats are close on four feet wide and the doors open to a full right angle to give ease of entry. The loading platform of the estate car has metal protection and skid rails to avoid damaging it when loading. Altogether this new offering by Hillman is a thoroughly practical and utilitarian contribution to a motoring field of growing importance.

A reminder reaches me from Dover Harbour Board that it seems certain there will be a greater rush of motorists abroad this summer than ever before. They tell me that already traffic is greater than in any previous year and that the Easter exodus showed nearly 20 per cent increase over 1961. Although the ferries are scheduled to operate throughout the 24 hours in the peak season, it may be impossible for any who go to the port "on spec" to find a berth for their car unless they have secured a prior booking. Also they should adhere strictly to the time given for reporting at the Car Ferry Terminal as space there may have to be limited to those who can produce a ticket made out for the service about to load. The same goes for the return trip.



Above: Enormous capacity of the new Super Minx estate car. Right: The sleek exterior





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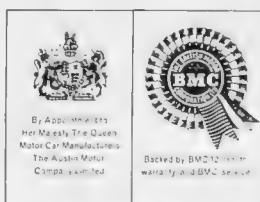
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Bowie—Fraser: Patricia Mary, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Bowie, of Ardsheean, Milngavie, Dunbartonshire, was married to Hugh, son of Sir Hugh & Lady Fraser, of Dineiddwg, Mugdock, Stirlingshire, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow



STEPHENS ORR



Bourne—Bromley: Priscilla, daughter of the late Major Howard Bourne, R.A.C., & of Mrs. J. W. Pollock, Bridge House, Shoreham, Kent, married Rupert Charles, son of Major Sir Rupert Bromley, Bt., M.C., & Mrs. D. V. Bromley, at the Temple Church, Fleet Street, E.C.4



Sheppard—Saker: Lavender Frances, daughter of Mr. Mervyn Sheppard, C.M.G., M.B.E., & Mrs. Sheppard, of Kuala Lumpur & Linden House, W. Wittering, Sussex, married Sub-Lieut. Richard Giles Saker, R.N., son of Major R. K. Saker, C.B.E., & Mrs. Saker, of Well House, Birdham, Sussex, at W. Wittering parish church



Stopford—Godsal: Lady Elizabeth Stopford, daughter of the Earl of Courtown, of Beechshade, Beaconsfield, and Mrs. Christopher Vian, of Hugh St., S.W.1, married Alan Anthony Coleton, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Godsal, of Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks, at Chelsea Old Church





Lady Carolyn Townshend to Il Patrizio Genovese Antonio Capellini. *She* is the daughter of Marquess Townshend, of Raynham, Norfolk, and Lady Gault, of Hemingstone Hall, nr. Ipswich. *He* is the son of the late Vincenzo Capellini and Donna Anna Candeo Vanzetta Levi Da Zara, of Via Capellini, Genoa

SPENCER & WARREN

Miss Penelope Morrogh-Bernard to Mr. Michael Crawford. *She* is the daughter of Lieut. Col. & Mrs. J. G. Morrogh-Bernard, of Fair Oak Lodge, Hants. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. H. L. Crawford, of Catalpa House, Surbiton, Surrey



YEVONDE



RAY WRIGHTSON

Miss Barbara Elizabeth Bowers to Captain the Hon. John C. Harding, 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own). *She* is the daughter of Lt. Colonel and Mrs. P. L. Bowers, of Buckhorn Weston, Gillingham, Dorset. *He* is the son of Field Marshal Lord Harding of Petherton and Lady Harding, of Nether Compton, Sherborne, Dorset



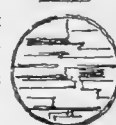
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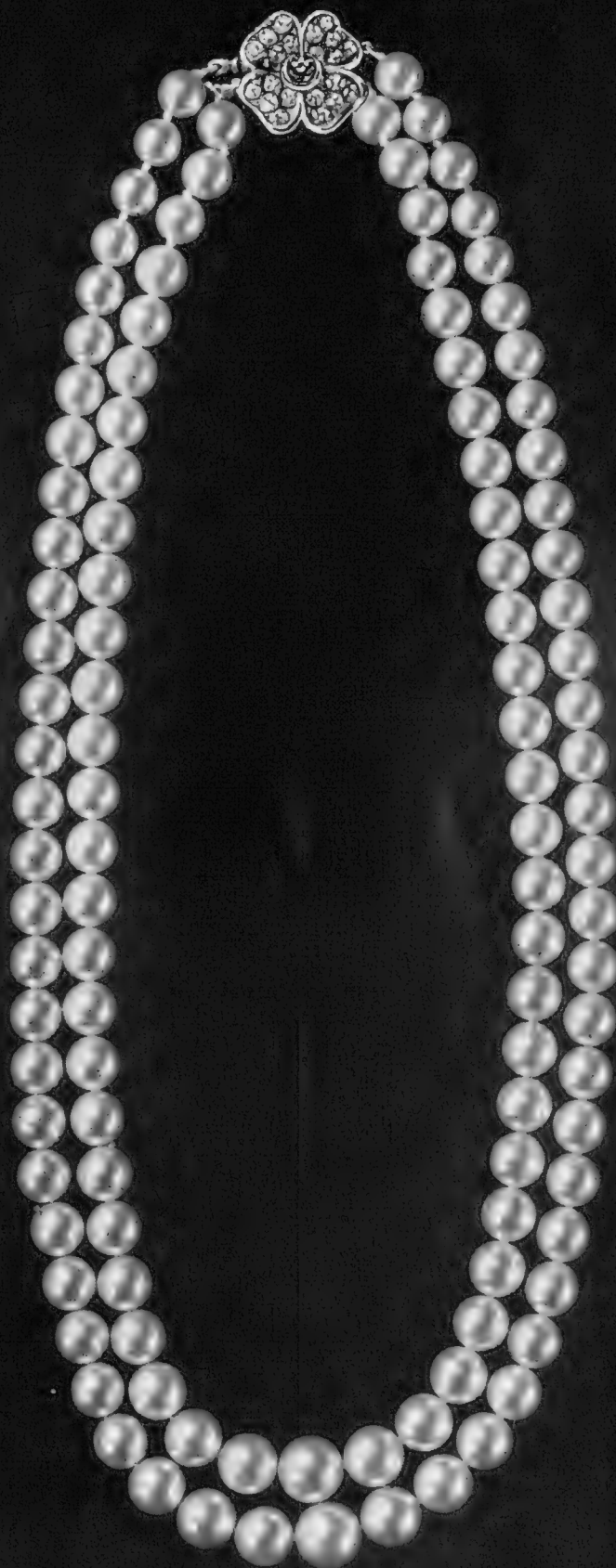
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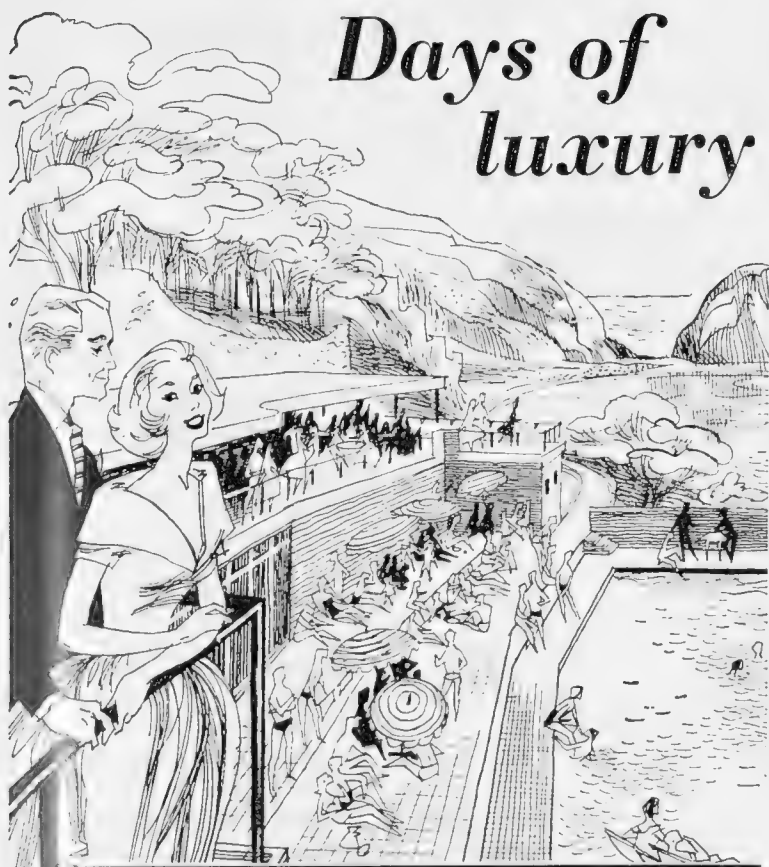
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FOR SALE



Lined decanters, bottles and porcelain in a window at Webster, Munro County, New York State, about 400 miles from the big city and remote as Cumberland from London. Folk art is evident even in the work of the glass-blowers, porcelain makers and woodcarvers who shared the same bond of "simplicity"

Floer Cowles discovers hidden treasure among "country" antiques hidden away in the junk shops of Upper New York State. Roger Hill took the pictures

THESE photographs of crowded antiques are unadulterated Americana—photographed with obvious affection by an Englishman touring the United States. When shown to me, an American, they drew my roots up sharply, and with a flush of pleasure. They were taken in a few antique shops whose cracker-barrel cosiness and confusion the camera captured exactly, in Upper New York State at the

point where it touches shoulders with Canada, and where a traffic in antiques flows steadily across the borders. The dowry system that still exists in the marriage ceremony in Canada keeps it alive—the money must often come from selling family possessions.

Americans call these unpretentious objects "country" antiques. Most of it should be of particular interest in England since it is directly tied to the work of early provincial centres like Dublin and Bermuda. Some of the finest—perhaps the best—was made by the *Shakers*, and nothing more nearly-English in nationality exists in American antiques. Regardless of ancestry, all "country" antiques have a trait in common: they were usually done with a virgin innocence and they almost always had utility as their aim. Their charm and age help offset some of the tired remarks about America's newness, its brassiness, its "refrigerated" heartbeat—and replace them instead, with warm reminders of the pioneer days, centuries back.

Though the work always reflected a mother

country, and spiritual ties to native lands in Europe (Ireland and Bohemia in its glass, England in stoneware and furniture, Middle Europe in the baroque carvings, the Dutch in furniture and silver, and in many, many other ways), all had a distinctive American idiom. All showed a resourceful adaptation to specific needs in the new country. Few, if any, would be mistaken for the work of the native land that was their inspiration. Rarely, if ever, were they produced as showpieces. They were made to be used—needed. Never for gallery walls. They had some honest purpose and if they could be beautiful, too, that was an adjunct. There is an added touching ingredient—most craftsmen were rank amateurs, merely making the things that meant a new home in a new land. In doing this they produced an American folk art.

An authentic piece of Shaker furniture is a rare find indeed. It was made by Quakers who had their origin in Manchester, England, and emigrated to New York State in 1774, to escape religious persecution. Many settled close to the

The full-page colour picture opposite was taken at Webster, Munro County (see previous page) a notable site for rare Americana. The shopowner sits in the barn where he sells his antiques. Most of his business is done at weekends when families climb into their station wagons to go treasure hunting. The pictures (right and below) were taken at East Bloomfield near Rochester on Lake Ontario, a remote, self-contained and very beautiful village. The village store failed and was closed between the two European wars. Re-opened last year the contents were found completely undisturbed, hence the chemist's bottles and the drawers containing the herbal remedies and simples that a pioneer housewife would use. The new owner plans to retain the atmosphere of the shop and sell early American folk art in its natural setting



site of the shops photographed. In one, I think I spot a Shaker table. Since I have been collecting this period for years, I am wild with frustration. I deeply appreciate the superb dignity that resulted from their pious aversion to embellishment. Inlay or carving or excessive turning they found indefensible on moral grounds. They dressed with equal modesty and even pared down their language to the barest minimum of words. Carving a place in the wilderness, they built furniture and furnishings of such forthright beauty they have never been surpassed in simplicity.

Many of these country antiques are strangely affecting because of the visions they conjure up of the life lived and hardship endured in their making. It is not difficult to imagine the pioneer-craftsman, in his environment. Sturdy apothecary jars in the pictures might have crossed the new continent inside covered wagons. Trim

pine benches recall the meeting houses for which they were created—the sternness of white-washed walls balanced by the primary reds and yellow and greens they loved to use in furnishings. Hutch tables might have been hewn by woodsmen with an ear cocked for Indians. Spinning wheels, dry sinks, stone crocks, milk glass objects, crude country bedclothes, simple cooking utensils—all remind us of brave pioneer women at work, very often with guns at their fingertips.

This seems a lot to say about a set of beautiful pictures of odds and ends jumbled together in some New York State antique shops. But these simple, even ordinary things are also a legacy of American history. Some are auspiciously presented in museums. Others are still for sale, and for very little money, in just such overcrowded, smiling, American “junk-shops”—a fate which suits their homely beginnings to a “T.”





Left: The barn at Webster is a clutter of ornaments without regard to style or shape yet somehow all conform to the maxim laid down by Anne Lee, founder of the Shaker Society, who once told one of her craftsmen "Do your work as if you had a thousand years to live and as if you were to die tomorrow." Below left: Domestic bric-a-brac at East Bloomfield includes a steam iron, hand basins, cotton spools, old tins that contained oatmeal cookies and mustard, and a mangle





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Shell guide to GLOUCESTERSHIRE



A county divided by the wide gleam of the Severn – on one side the Forest of Dean, on the other the Cotswold uplands, the sheep, the dry walls, the stone-chambered neolithic long barrows, the country of Roman villas (farm estate buildings) and tall churches founded by medieval wool merchants. Here gliders (1) use the updraught along the Edge – the escarpment of Cotswold; and against the dividing river stand the rectangular masses of the new atomic power-station (2) at Berkeley, where Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was born in 1749.

From the museum at Cirencester, second city of Roman Britain, comes the mosaic figure of Ceres (3), corn goddess who presided over Cotswold harvests; from the Gloucester Museum, the famous Birdlip Mirror (4), Celtic art of the 1st century A.D. The flowers mark the two main divisions of the county, the wild Lilies of the Valley (5) and the Deadly Nightshade (6) belonging to the Cotswold limestone, the wild Daffodils (7) belonging to mile upon mile of meadow and woodland under the heights of Dean (where the Romans delved for iron ore). Gloucestershire's most influential native has no doubt at all been William Tyndale, reformer and Bible translator, born about 1495, reputedly at North Nibley, burnt at the stake in Belgium in 1536, the words of whose Bible translations are still used daily by millions of men. Here is the title page (8), against a dry-stone wall (9) of his own Cotswold, of an early edition of Tyndale's New Testament, which had first been printed abroad in 1525 or 1526.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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Left: High noon in an African settlement, street dress in white silk gaza, high polo neck with fine tucks from collar to hemline. Kiki Byrne, 18 gns. Gold bangle with coral lobes: Carita, 8 gns.

Right: The dress to wear now, pictured against a rich town that was, but is today a maze of neglected sandy alleyways. Pink fern print chiffon on white cut into a matchbox dress with slim shoulder straps, worn with ruffled jacket. Made to measure, Liberty



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